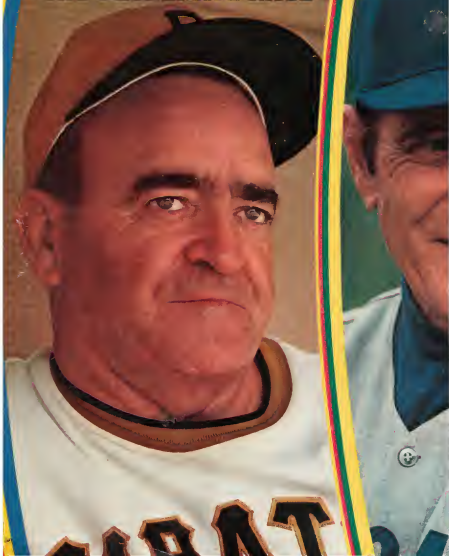


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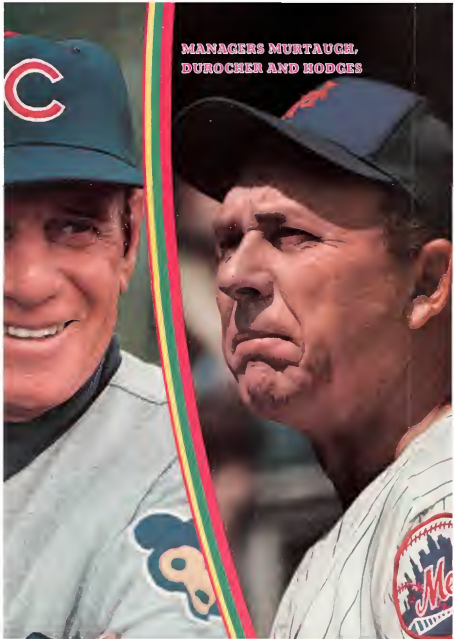
SEPTEMBER 28, 1974

50 CENTS

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MUSTANG



1971 MUSTANG MACH I

America's
challenge
to the great
European
road cars.



The background of the advertisement is a painting depicting a man and a woman in a shop. The woman, on the left, wears a light-colored dress and a patterned headscarf. The man, on the right, is in a dark suit. They are both looking down at a small object the woman is holding. The shop is filled with various goods on shelves, and a large, ornate, tiered object sits on a table in the foreground. In the bottom left corner, two packs of Viceroy cigarettes are displayed. One pack is white with a red band and the word 'VICEROY' in black. The other is red with a white band and the word 'VICEROY' in white. Both packs have a gold seal with a crown-like emblem.

Their dinner parties?
They're famous for them. Always
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Besides, searching out the
unusual is a lot more fun for them.
Their cigarette? Viceroy.
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.

Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

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Credits on page 33

Next week

WINNING 'EM ALL has become a habit at Penn State, but now football's longest win streak is in danger in the rarified air of Boulder, where the Lions play powerful Colorado.

"ON THE WHOLE, I'd rather be in Philadelphia," was W. C. Fields' choice for an epitaph. But Fields wasn't planning to watch the Eagles. Bob Jones does and bravely reports.

DOUBLE TROUBLE for all who play them, the famed Robinsons of Baltimore—Brooks and Frank—have struck a delicate balance in leading the Orioles to yet another title.

The mother got over her rubella in three days.
Unfortunately, her unborn child didn't.



To pregnant mothers, rubella (German measles) means a few days in bed, a sore throat, a runny nose, temperature, and a rash.

But if they're in their first month when they catch it, there's a 40% chance that to their unborn babies it can mean deafness, or a heart condition, or brain damage, or cataracts which cause at least partial blindness.

Only last year, an immunization against rubella became available. But when a pregnant mother

gets immunized, the prevention may be as harmful to her baby as the disease.

So if unborn babies are going to be protected, it will have to be by inoculating the kids who infect the mothers who in turn infect the fetuses.

And it will have to be done now.

You see, rubella epidemics break out every six to nine years. The last outbreak was in 1964. Which means the next one is due any day now.

In the last epidemic, 20,000 babies were deprived of a normal childhood—and 30,000 more deprived of any childhood at all—because no immunization existed.

It would be unforgivable if the same thing happened again because an immunization existed and nobody used it.



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BOOKTALK

No resemblance to living individuals is intended in this study of athletes' books

For a long time only the most illustrious athletes were called upon to write books—and then upon the conclusion of their careers. These gee-whiz memoirs were predictably bland and revealed nothing but a penchant for cliché. A new genre, however, was created by Jim Brosnan, Jerry Kramer and, most recently, Jim Bouton, whereby athletes not only wrote a book while they were still active but even kept notes every day as their seasons went along.

These days everybody is writing accounts of their seasons—O. J. Simpson, Bill Freehan, Tom Seaver, Dave DeBusschere, Frank Beard, Len Dawson and Walt Frazier. A lot of the players have been so busy preparing their books they don't have enough time to play. It is such a serious problem, in fact, that it has now leaked out Coach Boots Zorro had to get tough about the whole business during the recent Lynchburg Memories training camp.

The Memories, favorite in the South-by-Southwest Division, had been working out at their Seaford, Del. summer training camp site. "All right, men," the wily grid mentor told his stalwarts, "I want everybody in bed early tonight, because tomorrow is going to be a real tough day. In the morning, for you veterans, we're going to begin with keeping complete diary notes, and then advanced tape-recorder technique. Now, for you rookies, you'll be meeting as a group to learn how to sign with a literary agent, and then a session on methods for reading galley proofs on airplanes. And I don't want to hear nothing about how you learned to do it on your college team. You're with the Memories now, and you'll do it our way. All right, Greenleaf, what is it?" Speak up.

The second-string free safety, John Greenleaf, rose. "It's nothing, Coach," he said. "I'm just dictating notes of this meeting into my tape recorder."

"Yeah, well knock it off," Coach Zorro barked back. "Stick to writing notes in long-hand when I'm talking. You know that's a club rule. That'll cost you \$100 or one-half of one percent of the paperback royalties, whichever is greater. We've got to have discipline around here. We've got a lot to work on to get you guys in shape. Madden, when I told you I wanted you to slim down to 280, I meant pounds, not pages. And by the way, Madden, if you must cut your book, not the chapter on inspiration. I thought that was beautiful. Did I really say all those things? Yes, Peleeta, what is it?"

Brawny offensive tackle, Tony Peleeta stood up. "Coach, have you made a decision yet on that matter I asked you about?"

"Yes, I have, Harold," Coach Zorro replied. "I'm afraid that I just won't be able

to let you take your editor with you to the line of scrimmage. I appreciate, as you put it so well, that the little fellow isn't much bigger than a comma, and he would be unlikely to get in the way. I have to be fair, and I think it's enough that everybody gets to sit next to their editor on the bench.

"Men, let me tell you, I think if we work together, we're the kind of team that has a chance to go all the way—and you know what that can mean. And if we can win the conference title, I don't see why every man here can't swing magazine rights for his stuff. If we can go all the way, in January we—"

"You really believe—" an excited Boom-Boom Starkle broke in.

"You bet I do. With the kind of talent we've got, I truly believe that we've got a Book-of-the-Month Club choice somewhere on this squad!" The Memories, fired up, rushed out with whoops and cheers.

"You really know how to talk their language, Boots," said Senior Assistant Coach Hi-Ho Hennevy as they walked down to Zorro's room to watch some films.

"Well, you've got to know what motivates these guys nowadays," Boots explained. "It's a tough job. Already I've read that I could be replaced. The management is considering Pop Ivy, Joe Kucharich and Dick Schaap. I'll tell you, Hi-Ho, you're only as good as your last chapter."

They came to Boots' room and went inside. Hardly had they settled in front of the projector, though, when reserve Cornerback Lloyd Radebaugh knocked and entered.

"What is it, Radebaugh?"

"Well, Coach, I just don't think it's fair," the wiry speed merchant began. "Why am I the only player that doesn't get to room with his editor?"

"Radebaugh, I am not singling you out," Zorro replied. "I appreciate that your publishers, Peep Press, are trying to get you to provide more of the woman's angle—so-called—but sending along Miss Appleby as your editor for the season is just too much."

Boots frowned as Radebaugh left. There was another knock on the door, it was Dean Repass, everybody's All-Pro quarterback whose fancy so-far-gone book deal was the shop talk of the whole NFL. "You wanted to see me, Coach?"

"Yeah, Dean," Zorro said. "I'll come right to the point. Look, I know you've got a great deal and, like all of us, you want to keep the best stuff for your own book but, really, look—I think you have just got to call the plays out loud so that all the players can hear them."

"Coach, that's not fair. That's just giving some of my best quotes away to the other guys' books."

"Dean, please, they're not 'quotes.' They're *words*. The team just can't win if you don't let everybody else in on what plays you're calling. C'mon, whadaya say?"

Nodding, but annoyed, Repass left. There was another knock at the door, and Sid Far-

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Your support will help colleges answer these questions, help them make your son ready for his world.

Give to the college of your choice.



low, the former All-Pro tight end, appeared "Sit down, Sid," Boots said loudly. "What is it, Coach?" Farlow asked. "Why did you call me here?"

"This isn't an easy job for me, but I'm going to have to let you go," Boots said. "There's just too much competition, and I have to cut somebody."

"Are you sure, Coach?"

"Look, Sid, there are eight guys besides you on this team all doing a book with the same title: *Story of a Season*. I got five guys all doing *Team of Denver*, and I got to let one of those go, too. You see, the way I see it, I'll carry five or six *Story of a Season*, I'll keep four *Team of Denver*, another four *Countdown to Victory*, three *Forty-seven Violet Sundays*, two or three *On the Long Road to the Super Bowl* and a couple *On the Road to Glory*. Then I'll flesh it out from there with some specialty stuff—a couple *Story of a Rookie*, one or two how-to books and a religious thing."

"So you got to cut me, Coach?"

"Look, Sid," Zorro replied, "If I let you go now, early in training camp, I know you can catch on somewhere else. On a lot of teams a guy like you with hard-cover experience can win a spot easy. I hear on Atlanta they're stuck with a couple of studs on the suicide squad who—get this—got no more than Sunday supplement deals."

"Sid, I'm leveling with you. You know what they say about this game—you publisher goes first. Well, you're still hanging in there with yours. Sure, you can't move for those ancillary rights the way you used to. You can't reach the stacks the way you could in your prime, and I wouldn't use you in a spot where TV was looking for a special. So, O.K., you're not the talent you used to be, but Sid, you got a lot left."

"I guess you're right, Coach," a downcast Farlow said. "I just hate to leave the Memories. Is there no spot at all left?"

"Well, there's only one opening I can see," Coach Zorro said, "and you'll have to fight a couple of rookies for the job. The title is *The Coach—a Man of Denver*."

"I thought you were handing that job yourself."

"No, Sid, I can't do that myself. My book is entitled *Leaving the Countdown for Victory on the Long Road to the Super Bowl*."

"O.K., Coach, you're on," Farlow said. He left, and the two coaches turned out the lights and started watching the films. Coach Hennessy began narrating the action. "See Jones run," he said. "Run, Jones, run. Run, run, run. See Markowski clip. Clip, clip. Bad, Markowski, bad. Bad, bad, bad."

"What the hell is this, Hi-Lo?"

"Well, you know, Boots," Hennessy explained. "There's not much of a market left over for assistant coaches. I just signed to do Coach's *Helper for Kaddy Press*."

—FRANK DEBROS



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

OWN PETARO

It had to happen. James Van Alen, the Newport millionaire whose tie-breaker scoring innovation brought a new dimension to the U.S. Open tennis championship at Forest Hills earlier this month, was playing Frank Clem in the 65-and-over division of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association's senior men's tournament. Mr. Van Alen, in true Frankenstein fashion, lost the final set 7-6.

PERFECTLY CLEAR

This statement from South Africa's Prime Minister Rolfhorst Vorster was made more than a year before the Mexico Olympics (from which South Africa was barred), but in view of the reaction to that country's recent suspension from all international track and field competition it seems to bear repeating. Prime Minister Vorster: "I therefore want to make it quite clear that from South Africa's point of view no mixed sport between whites and nonwhites will be practiced locally, irrespective of the proficiency of the participants. . . . No matter how proficient one of our people may be in his line of sport, we do not apply that as a criterion, because our policy has nothing to do with that proficiency or lack of proficiency."

"If any person, either locally or abroad, adopts the attitude that he will enter into relations with us only if we are prepared to jettison the separate practicing of sport prevailing among our own people in South Africa, then I want to make it quite clear that, no matter how important those sport relations are in my view, I am not prepared to pay that price. On that score I want no misunderstanding whatsoever."

"I also want to say in advance that if, after I have said on these matters what I still want to say, anybody should see in this either the thin edge of the wedge or a surrender of principles, or that it is a step in the direction of diverging from this basic principle, he would simply be mistaken. Because, in

respect of this principle, we are not prepared to compromise, we are not prepared to negotiate, and we are not prepared to make any concessions."

Any questions?

ALL YOU COULD ASK FOR

The year's first All-Something football team has come out, and its creator, Ronald Green, sports editor of *The Charlotte News*, proudly admits that in seven previous years it has never included an on-the-field All-America. Green calls it his All-Southeastern Name Team and it features such stalwarts as Rensho Perdoni of Georgia Tech, Wimpy Wintner of Mississippi and Houston Hogg of Kentucky. As companions, he picks an All-Tough Team (Force Chamberlain, Jeff Blitz) and an All-Sweet Team (Jim Fair, Tim Good, Buzz Joy). Green names a coaching staff of Ray Commander of Tulane and Chip Wisdom of Georgia, but he's never been able to come up with a better business manager than—
are you ready?—Buck Swindle.

THE SIMPSON CASE

The Denver Rockets' signing of Spencer Haywood last year and Ralph Simpson this year has raised a nightmare of difficult questions. When Haywood signed his professional basketball contract, he had two years of college eligibility remaining. His signing represented a breach of the gentleman's agreement between the pros and colleges that underclassmen would be left alone, but it was allowed by the American Basketball Association on the grounds that Haywood, who comes from a family in a ghetto area, was a hardship case. A few peeps of displeasure were heard from individual coaches, but neither broad condemnations nor sanctions—perhaps terminating ABA scouts' free entry to college practices and games—were brought to bear.

Now Simpson, a sophomore at Michigan State when he signed with the Rockets last March, has been allowed by the

courts to practice with Denver despite the refusal of ABA Commissioner Jack Dolph to approve his contract. A later hearing will determine if Simpson, another hardship case, can play the full season with the Rockets. If the court says he can, and it is hard to find a legal reason why it would not, it could give talent-hungry pro franchises an impetus to raid the colleges for their best players long before their eligibilities end.

Big-time college football and basketball—and, in some areas, baseball—rely on the pros to leave college athletes alone, and in turn the pros depend on the colleges to operate a *de facto* farm system. To protect that mutually beneficial arrangement, the college coaches could have made Denver think twice about another raid if they had made a *cause célèbre* of the Haywood case. Now, with the bidding wars between the two professional basketball leagues still on, there may well be other hardship cases signing with the pros, backed by a legal precedent to keep them there.

UNUSING HERO

Breakthroughs in science have often come about in the most casual ways. Take Isaac Newton and gravity, or Ar-



chemides and displacement, or William Taylor and the dimpled golf ball.

You don't know about William Taylor? Shame on you. England does and is erecting a plaque to his memory in the city of Leicester. Up to 60 years ago golf balls shod, hooked, fluttered, dived and took off in all directions like nothing you ever saw. Then William Tay-

continued

lor put his scientific mind to the problem. His answer was dimples, the little depressions that so characteristically mark the golf ball even today, for in all the years since, no one trying to stabilize the flight of a golf ball has been able to better Taylor's basic design. And just as Newton required only an apple to help him find the answer he sought and Archimedes only a bath, all Taylor needed was a cigar. He had no wind tunnel in which to observe and analyze the disturbances caused by a fast-moving sphere. So he blew cigar smoke at the ball and studied the eddies. Eureka!

SPORTING CHANCE

Drug use by kids is a national problem, but a bright note comes from Harlem, where a group called the Sports Foundation has devised a method of recognizing early drug use and, sometimes, correcting it. For three years the group has sponsored the Harlem Junior Olympics, a widespread sports competition that annually attracts about 3,000 youths between 9 and 18. Before the youngsters can be active in the Olympics they have to undergo physical examinations. The exams reveal drug use and, not uncommonly, the presence of disease. Community organizations are then brought into the picture. If a youngster stays in the year-round Olympic program, eventually contact can be made with scholarship agencies and college placement bureaus.

Olvin McBurnette, executive officer of Sports Foundation, explains, "These kids don't have doctors, teachers, lawyers and other professionals living on their block. About the only image they have is that of the thug. But there is a deep interest in sport, and we try to reach them on that level."

PLAYING WITH FIGURES

The "11th" game in collegiate football this season is causing an upheaval in the matter of individual statistics. Since 1936 National Collegiate Sports Services, the statistical arm of the NCAA, has recognized individual champions in such categories as rushing, passing, punting and scoring on the bases of season totals. This year, because some schools will play an 11th game while others will stay with 10 or even nine, the standard has been changed to average performance per game if the player has ap-

peared in at least three-quarters of his team's games. This means that a John Reaves could pass for 3,300 yards in Florida's 11 games and still rank behind a Rex Kern with, say, 2,135 yards in only seven of Ohio State's nine games. Kern's per-game average of 305 yards would be better than Reaves' 300, and Kern's would therefore rate higher.

If the system had been in existence last year it would have had such a significant effect. Ed Marinaro of Cornell averaged more yards rushing (156.6) than did Steve Owens of Oklahoma (152.3), yet Owens, who played one more game, accumulated more total yardage and was the NCAA leader in that category. Owens' position as "the nation's leading rusher" helped him win the Heisman Trophy, awarded to the outstanding player in the country, and didn't hurt a bit when it came time to negotiate his professional contract. On the other hand, who is Ed Marinaro?

MOST POPULAR GIRL

Lady jockeys per se are no longer news, but a 16-year-old blonde named Paula Herber seems worthy of mention. Paula, who rode this summer at Ellis Park, a small track on the Ohio River near Henderson, Ky., came up one day with a triple, a fine day's work for any jock. Moreover, her mounts paid \$17.20, \$13.20 and \$20.40, prices to savor. The first two comprised the daily double and paid \$60 (a startling low price in view of the winning odds in each race). Paula's glittering racing career has been interrupted for the time being, since she is only a senior in high school and has had to go back to the classroom.

JUNIOR LEAGUE

Everybody knows about the Wishbone-T formation of Texas' Darrell Royal, don't they? Sure. That's the offense Royal introduced in 1968 in which the full-back lines up one step closer to the trench than the other two deep backs. It's also the offense that a lot of other collegiate teams might be using this season—the Wishbone coupled with the Triple Option, the attack that won the national championship for Texas last year. Now we hear that Royal didn't invent the formation, not that he ever claimed he did. The coach who does claim he did is Charles (Spud) Cason of Monig Junior High in Fort Worth, who has a play-

book to prove it—*The Original High School Wishbone*. It seems Cason's teams at Monig Junior High have been using the Wishbone for 18 years and doing very well with it, too. They have not been defeated in their last 42 games, and they have had 10 undefeated seasons in the past 16.

"I'd be foolish to suggest that Darrell got the idea from me," says Cason. "I think it's just interesting that one of the greats came up with something we'd been doing for a long time."

HOW DO YOU SPELL IT?

Municipal Stadium in Kansas City has long had a reputation for having the best playing field in major league baseball. When the Royals were on national TV on Labor Day, the surface received flattering compliments over the air, with the result that the stadium switchboard got 10 calls from interested people around the country asking what sort of artificial turf was used in the Kansas City park. Several of the callers said they wanted to know in order to settle wagers. Was it AstroTurf? Was it Tartan? Was it some new Third Force? All seemed surprised and maybe even a little disappointed when they were told the field is covered with grass, old-fashioned grass, patiently nurtured by Head Groundkeeper George Toma.

THEY SAID IT

- Carl DePasqua, Pitt football coach, on team discipline: "Football is not a democracy. There's nothing to debate. The players can debate in political science class."
- Charlie Tate, University of Miami football coach, on his plans to take his squad out of town the night before home games: "After the final practice before a game last year we would take them directly from the dressing room to the Faculty Club for a nice sit-down dinner. Then the entire squad would go to a movie together. But as soon as the team would get back from the movies, females would swarm around. It was unreal. You just got to do something drastic to keep their feet on the ground."
- Fred Abbott, 6' 3", 233-pound University of Florida middle linebacker and "potential All-America," explaining his decision to quit football last week: "The game has been exploited and has evolved into a business."

END

Shaves time.



This is the shave cream to use for that dreaded morning rush hour shave (when you shave faster than you should—without giving the lather enough time to really soak in).

Why? Because it heats up right under your nose. And takes less time to soften tough whiskers than ordinary cold shave cream. Making it entirely possible for you to get a close, comfortable shave in the morning. And still catch the 7:47.

The Hot One—when you shave too fast for comfort.

THEY'RE PLAYING THOSE GRINDERS AGAIN

Since George Brunet made his first appearance in professional baseball in 1953 his travelogue reads like a commercial for the nation's feeder airlines. As the sun sets slowly over lovely Shelby, N.C., we find Brunet wending his way to Alexandria, La., Seminole, Okla., Hot Springs, Ark., Crowley, La., etc. Eventually the sun was to set on George Brunet in 16 different minor league spots all the way to Vancouver and Hawaii, not to mention the seven major league franchises he visited—four of which either changed their names or left town. George Brunet has been around.

Yet last Saturday afternoon in Shea Stadium in New York, Brunet threw what may well prove to be the most important pitch of his nomadic career. The Pirates were leading the Mets 2-1 in the eighth inning of the second game of their critical weekend series when Manager Danny Murtaugh called Brunet in from the bullpen with a runner on second base and one out. As he stood on the mound talking to Brunet and Catcher Manny Sanguillen, Murtaugh somehow became a caricature, a synthesis of all three beleaguered managers in this tense, frustrating, often comical race for the championship of the National League's Eastern Division. A pack of chewing tobacco protruded slightly from the left rear pocket of Murtaugh's pants and he scratched the back of his neck as he probed at the ground with his spikes. He needed an out—now. So he explained carefully to Brunet how to get it, how to pitch to the Mets' Art Shamsky, who was hitting .306. Then he walked back to his dugout, arms dangling at his side, the normally

With the end just a week away, all the games are tough as the Cubs and Mets do their best—sometimes their worst—to overtake the straining Pirates
by WILLIAM LEGGETT

smile-wrinkled Irish face now set hard in the bright September sunshine.

Brunet threw one pitch and Shamsky popped it up to the perfect spot, to Gene Alley at shortstop, where it would give the straining Pirates the least trouble. Murtaugh came up out of his dugout again, relieved Brunet and gave him a slap on the back. A few minutes later a double play ended the game with the score still 2-1. Only in a pennant race such as this one in 1970 could a 2-1 game involve seven different pitchers.

A year from now, 10 years from now, there will be those who remember this race—but how? "The pennant nobody wants," the news services are calling it, but that is what they seem to say every fall. "The year of the second guess" might be better, if not a great deal more original. With the Pirates, Cubs and Mets locked together like a troika since early July, second-guessing Managers Murtaugh, Leo Durocher and Gil Hodges (see cover) has become so contagious that the three are probably second-guessing themselves. They also are showing

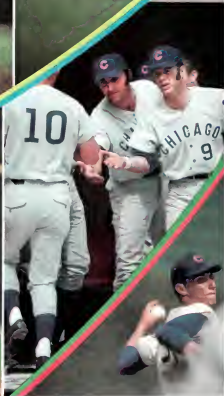
the pressure in other ways. Hodges, for example, has resumed smoking after a two-year layoff. Durocher occasionally abandons his ulcer-quieting milk for a good belt of the old snakebite remedy. The other evening in New York, as Murtaugh fought to get a piece of pizza pie into his mouth, his hands were trembling. And all three mumble to themselves. The sacred statistics of baseball actually indicate that none of the three teams can win. While the Pirates led the second-place Cubs by two games and third-place New York by $3\frac{1}{2}$, their winning percentage was only .539, and no baseball team has ever won anything with a figure as low as that. The previous worst finishes were the accomplishments of the 1959 Los Angeles Dodgers, who won in the National League by playing .564 ball, and the Boston Red Sox, American League winners in 1967 with a .568 average. This season the longest winning streak put together by any of the three contenders since the All-Star break was five by the Pirates. The Cubs and Mets each won four in a row. Hooray.

The longest winning streak of the year in the Eastern Division of the National League, in fact, was compiled back in April. Then the Cubs won all their games during a 10-day home stand, added another victory in the first game on the road—and have since lost one game for each game they have won. The streak

continued

Back in the lineup after a 12-day absence, Roberto Clemente was pained when he missed but then stung the Mets with a vital double.





alone has kept Chicago in the race.

At times it seemed that no matter how poorly the Cubs or Pirates or Mets performed, they could not play themselves out of contention. Of course they could not play their way beyond contention, either. Over the past two weeks there were some eerie games. Pittsburgh won 5-4 in Chicago with two ninth-inning home runs and a botched bunt by the Cubs. The game the next day, the last meeting of the season between the two, should have been crucial. It was not. At the time Pittsburgh held a half-game lead over New York and was two games ahead of Chicago. A win probably would have sent the Cubs into hibernation for the winter. The Pirates took a 2-1 lead into the bottom of the ninth inning and had two outs with nobody on when Willie Smith hit a fly ball to center field. The ball game. But no. A strong wind pushed the ball back toward the infield, and Centerfielder Matty Alou, when he finally caught up to it, dropped it, thus bringing up the first three men in the Cub batting order. They hit consecutive singles to send the Pirates on to Philadelphia in shock. Surely they would not come out soon. They did, immediately. They won twice before reverting to their previous comatose state and losing the third game to a squeeze bunt. Their own tying run was thrown out at the plate in the ninth inning. Horrors—except at the same time the Cubs were losing two out of three to the Cards, the Mets two out of three to the Expos.

For all its ups and downs, there is a certain consistency to Pittsburgh's record. Since July 11 the Pirates have been out of first place for only two days and, according to Murtaugh, "The main reason we are in first place is Dave Giusti." Willie Stargell, who at one point in early May was hitting in the .100s and is now up around .270, agrees with Murtaugh and adds: "We had an awful lot of problems with our pitching during spring training. Three of our starters were hurt and I know that all the pitchers just got together and dedicated themselves to erasing their reputation

continued



From bizarre to brilliant, from Payton's wig to all the frantic antics, this was the precent race that was. Or was it? At right, Gison Bechart ends a Cub crisis with a double play. A crisis? There were dozens every day.



as a bad staff. They took pride in their work and we pitch a lot better than some people are willing to give us credit for."

Giusti, with a master's degree in education from Syracuse University, admits, "I was awful during the exhibition games. I went to spring training hoping to be a starter but I couldn't get anybody out. I was so bad it was unbelievable. When the season started I was going to be the long relief man and try to work myself out of the bullpen."

Murtaugh takes no credit at all for Giusti's emergence as one of the season's top relief pitchers. "To tell the truth," he says, "what happened was a case of plain old luck. We got in a jam one night and I needed a short man and called Dave in from the bullpen to do a job. He did it and the following night he did it again."

Last weekend Giusti did the job three times against New York, saving the first two games and winning the fourth. He all but permanently throttled the Mets who, with nine games to go, were 3½ games behind Pittsburgh and 1½ games behind Chicago. New York's one last chance to save its world championship comes this weekend, when it meets the Pirates—and Giusti—again. The odds do not favor the Mets. Giusti has finished 46 of the first 152 games the Pirates have played. His won-lost record is 9-3 and he has saved 25 games. "The demanding aspect of the job," he says, "is self-confidence in your own ability. I didn't know if I was going to like it when I started relieving, but I gave it quite a bit of thought and realized that with a club like ours, which can score runs, the advantages were mine. I try to prepare myself by being aware of the situation at all times and concentrating on the hitters."

Chicago is generally considered to be the best balanced of the three, and this is only partly because the Cubs have eliminated some of the clubhouse problems that contributed so heavily to last season's traumatic collapse. This year the Cubs are at once more serious and more relaxed. Like both Pittsburgh and New York, they have swung major deals dur-

ing the pennant drive—if that indeed is the correct term—to strengthen their lineup. First the Cubs acquired Joe Pepitone, who had become disenchanted while playing for the Astros under Judge Roy Hofheinz's huge hair dryer. He jumped the team in July, claiming he would retire, but had a remarkable change of heart when Chicago bought him. Now Pepitone seemingly has found a home. He goes to work in a limousine driven by a man named "Fabulous Howard," and dons, according to his mood, assorted wigs to play in, showing partiality to one hairpiece that he calls "my gamer." He has added to the easy feeling around the club and has drawn unaccustomed praise from Durocher. "He is a better ballplayer than I thought he was," says Leo. "From what I've seen he's one helluva player!"

Last week the Cubs added Tommy Davis, who promptly responded with a clutch pinch single as Chicago won the first three of four games against Montreal. In one of the wins Durocher, strapped for starting pitchers, was talked into using three pitchers for two innings each and one for three by two of his coaches, Joe Becker and Herman Franks. He agreed, but then at the end of nine innings found himself in a tie with the Expos and had to bring in a starter, Bill Hands, to finish up. It was a large gamble, but one that paid off. On Sunday a similar gamble, this time with 20-game winner Ferguson Jenkins, was unable to save Chicago, and the second-grassers were at their old pasture again. Maybe even Leo was having a go at it.

While the Cubs were picking up Davis from the Oakland Athletics, the Pirates were acquiring Jim (Mudcat) Grant from the same club and the Mets were getting Dean Chance from Cleveland. The Grant deal was odd. One of the top three relief men in baseball with 24 saves for the A's and a 1.81 earned run average, he was traded away despite the fact that his team was still in its own pennant chase. Obviously a further payment, possibly with a star player, is due the A's. Chance, the 1964 Cy Young Award winner, went for a price that well could approach six figures. Neither Davis, Grant nor Chance will be eligible for either the league playoffs or the World Series, but each of the three teams will be only too happy to cross that bridge when—and if—it appears. Like, say, on

Oct. 2, the day after the season is supposed to end.

The Mets, so strong on pitching, defense and base running last season, have been a disappointment to their fans this year, particularly over the last two weeks. One day Hodges sat in his office after a hard win against St. Louis and said, "I think it is coming around; I think it is coming around." He meant a winning streak. New York promptly lost six of the next eight. But few defeats have hurt the Mets as much as the one they suffered at the hands of Brunet and four other pitchers last Saturday. The game pushed them four games below in the lost column. What was worse, time and again they got the leadoff runner on base only to lose him, which indicates how easily they could have won. Their only run came as the result of a double play with the bases loaded.

When the Mets won the Eastern Division title last year their young pitchers threw 28 shutouts. This year that supposedly matured staff has had only 10. Just as significantly, three of New York's starters—Jerry Koosman, Gary Gentry and Nolan Ryan—have totaled only 14 complete games, while Tom Seaver, although he has completed 19 games by himself, has experienced a very rough second half. Recently he has won only one of his last seven decisions.

Never mind. Except for the Cubs' Jenkins and Hands, no other pitchers in the race have fared particularly well. Pittsburgh, which can serve up a dinner menu of throwers named Moose, Lamb and Veale, eases some crow when it points to the combined record of its five busiest starters. It is 54-52.

Pirate Murtaugh probably best summed up the situation for everybody one day last week as he sat with his feet up on his desk and ate two pieces of boiled ham between crackers. "Tough games," he said. "We've been playing some real tough games. Grinders! There doesn't seem to be any letup. Everywhere I go people ask me about my health. I feel fine. If anyone has trouble with his heart, just let him manage in the big leagues."

"Sure," said Ken Holtzman, the Chicago starting pitcher, "everybody's acting loose. It looks that way, doesn't it? But, what the hell, deep down we're all nervous. Anyone who says he isn't nervous is a liar."

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOU SHILO

Swagging Pirate Bob Robertson homered against Mets before injuring himself. Reliever Dave Giusti stopped them three times.

END OF A SEASON AT SYRACUSE

It's just the beginning, of course, but the university's inability to resolve its differences with black football players plus the shellacking it took from Houston last week make the future look hopeless **by PAT PUTNAM**

There was a steady clatter of dishes from a kitchen close by, and somewhere near a man and a woman were talking loudly and laughing, so that the listener had to lean forward to hear the soft words of the black athlete. The pair was sitting at a table last week in the rear of a downtown Syracuse restaurant. Outside a steady rain was washing the streets of the city, adding gloom to gloom. "Remember," the athlete was saying, "use my name and I'll deny I ever seen you. It's not that I'm afraid, it's because we are all in this together, and no matter how I feel as an individual, how any of us feel, we're stuck with this thing as a group no matter

what happens." He rubbed his eyes and laughed, but it was a sad laugh. "And you know how it has to end. Too many angry things have been said for it to end any other way. It's too damn late for everybody, for the black players, for Ben Schwartzwalder, for the university. And it's only going to get worse."

Saturday night in Houston things couldn't have become much worse for Schwartzwalder. Playing without eight black players suspended for boycotting spring practice, Syracuse was blitzed by explosive Houston 42-15. There is no way of adding or subtracting points from the score with might-have-beens, but four of the missing eight were starters, and it had to hurt. And there is no way to judge how badly the remaining players were mentally affected. But it certainly didn't help.

In its simplest form this is the way the trouble at Syracuse began, publicly at least, the way it grew and the way it became too late for everyone.

1) Nine black players walk out on spring practice, protesting that Schwartzwalder has broken a promise to hire a black coach. Schwartzwalder says he never promised to hire one.

2) Dr. John E. Corbally Jr., the chancellor at Syracuse, attempts a reconciliation. He orders Schwartzwalder to hire a black coach and quickly. One is hired.

3) Schwartzwalder informs seven of the nine players that they are no longer members of the team. An eighth player elects to join them.

4) The players file a complaint, most of it based on racial discrimination, with the Human Rights Commission.

5) Corbally orders Schwartzwalder to outline terms to allow the players to return. The Syracuse alumni quickly point out to the chancellor that they are less than happy with his decision. Since they were already unhappy with him for closing the school early last year and for letting seniors graduate without taking final exams, he is somewhat shaken. (Alumni contributions had fallen sharply during

the summer.) Terms are set, watered down by the administration and offered to the players, who reject them.

6) With an eye on the alumni Dr. Corbally says to hell with it and suspends the eight for the 1970 season.

But so much for simplicity. Where did it begin?

"It started several years ago when a black student was beaten by a white football player. Then a short time later there were two vacancies on the coaching staff. We asked that they hire a black to fill one of them. They didn't. They promised us a black coach for spring training, and what did we get? We got Floyd Little for three days, and he wound up by blasting all the black athletes on the squad. So we walked out. At the time that is all we wanted: a black coach. Then the outsiders came, and everything got away from us. We didn't need them—the Floyd Littles, the Jimmy Browns, the others. It's pretty sad. The team has a black coach with no blacks to coach."

A few miles away, in his office at the university, Schwartzwalder was frowning at a story in the Sept. 16 Syracuse *Post-Standard*. The eight-column headline across the front page read: SCHWARTZWALDER QUIZZED ON BLACK ISSUE. He is a short muscular man, with a square bulldog jaw and white closely cropped hair. The years, 61 of them, have left a slight bulge at the waistline, but the rest is granite. As a major in the 82nd Airborne during World War II, three times he jumped into combat, and for it they gave him the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, four battle stars and a presidential unit citation. And a Purple Heart. And he can be as tough now as he was then, but he seldom feels the need.

Schwartzwalder jerked a thumb at the paper and growled. "Nobody wants to talk about football anymore. All they want to talk about is that. Some young kid I never saw before came into my office today. He asked me about that. I told him that I didn't talk to Communists, draft dodgers, flag burners or peo-



Ben Schwartzwalder: coach or sociologist?

ple trying to destroy our country." The hard slash of mouth dissolved into a soft smile. "He assured me he was none of those things, so I sat down and talked with him. I don't know what's happening anymore. I'm not supposed to be a football coach. I'm supposed to be a sociologist or something."

For Schwartzwalder the trouble began two years ago, after the fight between the player and the black student. "Every witness there said the student jumped the player with a club," said Schwartzwalder. "He just picked the wrong guy to jump." Still, the student filed racial charges against the football team with the Human Rights Commission. The university, shaken, ordered Schwartzwalder to speak to his players on racism.

"When he started talking about it I was stunned," said Paul Paulisso, now a senior quarterback. "My mouth fell open. Most of the other guys reacted the same way."

"It was a very big mistake," growled Schwartzwalder. At least it sounded as though he was growling. He has a voice like two bricks being rubbed together, and you can never really tell. "Before the talk the team was a unit. After that it was two groups: one black, one white. If I had known what was going to happen I would have refused to hold that stupid meeting."

The real trouble started when Syracuse brought in Little, the famed black alumnus, as a temporary coach. He left after three days saying he thought the blacks were bitter and that he'd never known the coaches to mistreat anyone. Four days later the blacks began their boycott. Chancellor Corbally stepped in, telling Schwartzwalder that he was in command of the football situation and, after repeated meetings with the black players during the ensuing weeks, that Schwartzwalder had better hire a black coach.

Schwartzwalder found his man in Carlmon Jones, a freshly graduated lineman out of Florida A&M and highly recommended by Jake Gaither, his coach. Schwartzwalder hired Jones, then called in his black players and told seven of them they were off the team. Another, Greg Allen, quit after the first reporting date this fall, saying that if the others couldn't play, then neither would he. Two stayed with the team—Robin Griffin, a starting defensive back, and Ron-

ald Page, a sophomore back sidelined by a knee injury.

It was ironic that Syracuse should be playing Houston in its first game, happy-go-lucky Houston with, ah, how many blacks on the team?

"Heck, I don't know," said Ted Nance, the Cougars' sports publicist. "I don't think any of the coaches could tell you either unless we checked over the roster. It's something nobody thinks about around here."

At Houston, black and white players room together before games, and by far the most popular player on the team is a black, the wonderful receiver, Elmo Wright. Houston has a black offensive backfield coach, Elmer Redd, who is in his first season, but whom Houston had been trying to hire for some time. A couple of years ago there was a flurry of racial trouble on the Houston campus, but when students tried to organize the black

players the players said that they wanted no part of it, that they thought conditions at Houston were fine.

So it was a loose and talented Houston against a strained and not very capable Syracuse, and the result was entirely predictable. Syracuse evened the score at 7-7 midway through the first period before the end of the world arrived. Earl Thomas ran 62 yards for one touchdown and then—a crusher—Houston took over on its own one and promptly scored on a 99-yard pass, Terry Peel to Robert Ford. Two Elmo Wright jobs, touchdown receptions of 54 and 60 yards, put the game away before the first half had ended, and they had the harassed Ben Schwartzwalder shaking his head on the sidelines.

Fortunately for Syracuse, there were easier teams than Houston coming up, but unless the situation improved rapidly it might not really matter. **END**

Robin Griffin (43), the only black to play against Houston, reflects the prevailing mood.



GRIM WEEK FOR A BATTLING LADY

Down one race, Australia's "Gretel II" fought back to win the second—only to be disqualified on a foul

by CARLETON MITCHELL



When the 21st series of matches for the America's Cup got under way off Newport last Tuesday, the boat flying the flag of the New York Yacht Club race committee was named *Inevitable*. The name was prophetic. Never in history have there been so many firsts, so many bizarre episodes, or so many frustrations for all concerned.

The weather set the stage—sky gray, water gray, relieved only by ebony squalls and the white teeth of breaking wave crests. Spectators clad in yellow and orange oilskins clung to flying bridges and peered through intermittent flurries of rain. After a windless summer there was wind aplenty—a chill 20 knots from east-southeast. It was a day when a sailor's instinct forewarned that anything could happen to tautly stressed craft and crews, heightening the tension that always builds when two unknown quantities come together.

The first fleet was recorded when the two Twelves hoisted sail before the race. Australia's *Gretel II* was the first yacht in 119 years to earn the title of challenger by besting a foreign rival in an elimination series, having defeated *Fraser* two weeks earlier. The second first was not long coming. At approximately seven minutes before the start-

ing gun the yachts approached each other from opposite ends of the line. *Gretel* on starboard tack, the American defender *Intrepid* on port. A series of maneuvers brought them together. At two boat lengths apart, when it appeared *Intrepid* would clear *Gretel*, the Aussie luffed head to wind, thrusting her sharp bow within 10 feet of *Intrepid*'s quarter. For a quick heartbeat it seemed a collision was imminent, but then Helmsman Jim Hardy swung onto port tack. Soon after a red flag appeared in *Gretel*'s rigging, to be matched on *Intrepid*. These were the first postwar protests.

At the gun, honors went to Bill Fickler. The margin was only two seconds, but *Intrepid* was on top. *Gretel*, although to leeward, had her wind clear. Now came the test: the comparative abilities of the two yachts to windward. In every prior meeting of challenger and defender in the 12-meter class, there swiftly had come the revelation of an awful truth. Within minutes the eventual outcome of the series could be predicted with tedious certainty. Not this time.

Although *Intrepid* gradually, almost imperceptibly, edged out to weather, *Gretel* was moving well, too. Her purple Vectris cloth mainsail was keeping shape beautifully, even though her jib

was too full for the weight of wind. She seemed to be taking the seas better than *Intrepid*, plunging and weaving less, apparently easier to steer. At the weather mark *Gretel* was 1:03 astern, a margin partially accounted for by the advantage almost always accruing to the boat that gets the start. It was still a race.

Intrepid smartly set a spinnaker, a white bubble riding high against the dark sky. Then *Gretel* turned into her wake—and disaster ensued. The genoa came down according to rote, but the spinnaker wrapped around the headstay in the dread hourglass form. Crewmen scurried, trying to get it either up or down, before finally setting a second spinnaker. While nothing is said in the record books on the subject, it was probably the first time that a boat sailed downwind for more than six minutes without a headsail.

Surprisingly, *Gretel* lost very little but face. *Intrepid* gained only five seconds on the leg, probably because in the strong wind *Gretel* was already moving at close to hull speed, and *Intrepid* had slightly lengthened her distance by making a downwind tack. At the second mark it continued to be a race, but then the Australians racked up another first. Paul Salmon, the foredeck chief, was returning aft after securing the spinnaker pole,



In aborted race "Gretel" was start, crossing line between buoy and flag boat well ahead.

Suddenly *Gretel* stuck her bow into a sea. Salmon's feet were swept off the slippery deck, and overboard he went. While *Gretel* turned back to pick him up, *Intrepid* continued on her merry and untroubled way. It was no longer a race. At the finish her margin was 5:52.

Although for almost a day *Gretel* remained a potential winner (before the committee disallowed both protests), the press Down Under promptly headlined *Gretel* the "Blunderboat." Many American observers obviously agreed, even though they expressed it more politely, yet to me *Gretel* remained the strongest challenger in recent memory. *Intrepid*, Bill Ficker and his crew had all been so impressive in conditions supposed to favor the Aussies that some of the factors in the defeat were overlooked: Alan Payne had obviously produced a fast hull, sails were vastly improved and the crew was not likely to make such blunders again. Nothing warranted writing off *Gretel* as a formidable opponent.

If proof was needed, it came at the start of the next race. *Gretel* had requested Wednesday as a lay day, to repair winches dunked in salt water, and Thursday was so calm that a water skier zipped among the spectator fleet—probably another first—until the com-

mittee gave up for lack of wind. But when the gun sounded on Friday, in conditions similar to the first race except for less breeze, it was *Gretel* that led across the line in a perfectly timed start. Other challengers have done the same, only to quickly fade. Instead, *Gretel* steadily walked out on *Intrepid*. Consternation more tangible than the impending fog settled over the watching fleet. Bill Ficker tried to force a tacking duel, to no avail. *Gretel* was simply the faster boat to windward in the nine-knot breeze and she rounded the mark 1:54 ahead. It was another postwar first. No challenger since *Endeavour* in 1934 had managed that feat.

Usually Twelves are so evenly matched downwind that the boat astern cannot overcome a generous lead. But nothing in the book seemed to be applying to these matches. At the second mark *Intrepid* was only 30 seconds behind. On rounding, Co-helmsman Martin Visser made no effort to huff *Intrepid* as Ficker held high, blanketed the Aussies and swept ahead. For the moment the cup stopped trembling on its base. *Intrepid* began the second windward leg with a lead of 100 yards. What *Gretel* might have been able to do will never be known. The fog progressively grew more impen-

etrable and shortly before 3 o'clock the race was abandoned, the fleet groping back to port. Another first: the first cancellation of a cup race in mid-course.

Sunday brought sun without wind. For two hours the fleet waited. Meanwhile the astonishing series of firsts continued. En route to the cup buoy, Tactician Steve Van Dyke of *Intrepid* was stung by a bee, and the reaction was so severe he was taken to a hospital after a helicopter pickup. He had hardly disappeared when a barnacle-encrusted sphere was identified as a floating mine. In time a Navy demolition team discovered it was only a fishing float.

Following such bizarre events, it might be expected that the race would be anticlimactic. Instead, after the commanders had circled lazily in a six-knot southerly, the fireworks began. *Intrepid* reached away from the line, and as she came back *Gretel* was waiting near the committee boat. *Intrepid* was moving faster, but in trying to break through to windward the two yachts came together. In the melee *Gretel* lost part of her bow, so once again red protest flags fluttered.

Intrepid led by 42 seconds at the weather mark, and gained an even minute on the two reaching legs. *Gretel* got back 30 seconds the second time to weather. So far the script was in accordance with previous performance—both boats closely matched upwind, *Intrepid* definitely superior downwind. But on the spinnaker run *Gretel* threw away the book. In a slightly fresher breeze she took off, reversing her form of Friday; aggressively forcing a series of jibes, interfering with *Intrepid's* wind whenever possible and going faster at all times, the Aussies rounded the fifth mark 50 seconds in the lead. On the last windward leg *Gretel* continued to open the gap and crossed the finish 1:07 ahead.

It was a popular victory, and no fluke. But the least credible event of the whole bizarre week still lay in wait. The next day *Gretel* was adjudged in the wrong at the start and the race was given to *Intrepid*, making the score 2-0 instead of 1-1. An international rule had been violated, but unfortunately it was the race committee of the New York Yacht Club that had to apply the penalty. Another explosion ensued. The first rational words were those of Sir Frank Packer: "We are disappointed, but now we'll win the next four." And *Gretel* just might.

END

THE FUTURE MOVES



Quarterback Cuzza proved he could move Vikes.

INTO THE PAST

It may not have been instant obsolescence, but for one afternoon Minnesota showed that plain old-fashioned football could blunt Kansas City's newfangled attack

by **TEX MAULE**



Dave Osborn lunges over from the one for Minnesota's second touchdown.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRI KLUTHNER



Paul Krause intercepts a fourth-quarter pass to kill Chiefs' hopes.

CONTINUED

Last January, when Hank Stram's Kansas City Chiefs beat the Minnesota Vikings 23-7 in the Super Bowl, the chesty little coach proclaimed the victory as a harbinger of The Football of the Future. Last Sunday, in Bloomington, Minn., The Football of the Future became a thing of the past as the very same Vikings, who had brooded about the defeat for eight months, drubbed the Chiefs 27-10 with some plain old-fashioned football.

In truth, it was probably more a victory of emotion than of strategy or tactics, although Bud Grant, the seemingly unemotional man who coaches the Vikings, tried to deny that implication. The day before the game, sitting in his small office under the stands of the ball park in St. Paul where the Vikings practice, he talked quietly about the Sunday just ahead.

"This isn't a game for vengeance or anything like that," he said. "We approach it like we would any other game. I'm sure Stram will have a few changes for us. For instance, I doubt that he'll use the end-around, because he knows we'll be prepared for it, but he may have some variations off it. The Chiefs are a basic club and their offense and defense aren't that much different. They've won because they have fine people. I think we have good people, too. But I don't think this will be that emotional a game."

Grant was going into the game minus Gus Kapp, the holdout quarterback who took the Vikings to the NFL championship last year, but he appeared unconcerned. "Gary Cuozzo is our quarterback now," he said. "That doesn't hamper our offense at all. If anything, it enlarges it. Gary is a very intelligent man with exceptional retention. Since your offense depends upon your quarterback's retention, we can do more with Gary than we did with Kapp. I'm not trying to derogate Kapp. Joe is a fine quarterback, but he's an intuitive type and Cuozzo is an intellectual. I'm perfectly sure Gary will do well."

He smiled faintly, although his light-blue eyes were cold. "I think all of our players will do well," he said. Then, contradicting his assertion that revenge would play no role, he added, "We've been lying behind a log for eight months waiting for this game."

In exaltation, the game aroused no strong feelings on the Chiefs' part. All

during the overlong exhibition season they had been flat. This wasn't due to a lack of work. They put out before their game with Dallas, which they won easily. And they felt they had prepared for this game, too, which is probably the case. But they were getting ready to play a good game against a respected opponent, and the Vikings were grinding themselves for Armageddon.

Mike Garrett, the Chiefs' best all-round back, put the game in perspective beforehand. "It's important we win because it's the first game," he said, "not because it's Minnesota. If you lose your first game playing in our division, it's like cutting your throat."

Stram took the confrontation coolly enough, too, and he was unconcerned about the Chiefs' 4-3 preseason record. "I think we've graduated to the right tempo," he said. "A coach has to have mother instincts, an inner feeling to know when to push and pull and when to lay off. This is a mature team. They know what to do."

After Sunday's debacle, Stram better forget about motherhood and start pushing and pulling.

As for the Vikings, most of them tried to act as if the contest had no special significance for them, either, but as actors they were no better than their coach. Among the things that have rankled them for the eight months was the highlight move of the Super Bowl, in which Stram was wired for sound. In the course of the game Stram, an extroverted, voluble man, characterized Defensive Back Karl Kasulke's play as being reminiscent of a Chinese fire drill. Whenever a Viking made a mistake in practice in the week before the game, an assistant coach yelled, "Chinese fire drill." The Vikings didn't make many mistakes.

Kasulke, who has played pro football for eight years, professed to be undisturbed by Stram's unflattering assessment of his play. "I'm a pro," he said. "Sure, I was embarrassed, but the people who know me know I give it all I've got. Every defensive back gets beat now and then." He paused, thought a minute and his face grew dark. "But I'd damn sure like to stick that ball right in Stram's ear on Sunday," he concluded.

He did, finally. He was beaten once on a 59-yard Len Dawson-to-Otis Taylor pass, which resulted in the Chiefs' only touchdown, but he made up for that with an odd interception in which

he collaborated with Ed Sharrockman on a resounding tackle of Glover Richardson, then caught the ball when it bounced out of Richardson's hands while Kasulke was sitting on the ground.

The whole Viking team played with the same ferocity. They were thoroughly prepared for Stram's Football of the Future, but they didn't see as much of it as they expected. Most conspicuous by its absence was the renowned Kansas City stack, in which the linebackers are tucked behind the linemen.

"I saw the stack for the first time quite a while back," said Cuozzo on Saturday. A Phi Beta Kappa who will begin practicing as an orthodontist after the season, Cuozzo is introverted and soft-spoken and his habitual expression is one of vague worry. Five days earlier he had asked the Viking publicity man not to schedule him for any public appearances during the week. "I've got all I can do getting ready for this game," he said. "I have a lot of responsibility."

Cuozzo first saw the stack diagrammed nine years ago when he was a junior at the University of Virginia. Don Klosterman, at that time a scout for the Dallas Texans—who subsequently moved to Kansas City and turned into the Chiefs—came to Virginia to look over prospects and ended up talking to Cuozzo. "He drew the stack defense on a blackboard and asked me how I would attack it," Cuozzo said. "I didn't have any ideas."

Since then Cuozzo has come up with a few but he didn't have much need for them on this warm, windy and overcast day. Stram put his defense into the stack perhaps once all afternoon and Cuozzo attacked it with a screen pass to Bill Brown for a 16-yard gain and a first down. Surprisingly, the Chiefs started mostly in the standard 4-3 defense, which Stram has called old-fashioned, although they did use their more accustomed—and more unusual—5-2 during the first half.

"We didn't expect the 4-3 so much," said Jim Vellone, one of the guards on a Viking offensive line that dominated the line of scrimmage. "It made it easier for us, because we're used to it."

In preparing for the game, the Vikings, in essence, ignored all the froth and furbelows of the Chief formations, both on offense and defense. As Free Safety Paul Krause, who intercepted one of Dawson's passes late in the game to kill any faint hopes the Chiefs might

rickward

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have had, said, "We didn't have a tendency for this game. We didn't stop to think every time they shifted into one of their formations, now they're in the I or the cock I or whatever. We didn't shift with their shift, either. When they went into a certain set, we just tried to run it for them with blitzes or by jamming the blocking."

That philosophy turned the formidable Viking front four loose, which is a surefire way to make heads ring. With freedom to gamble and maneuver, they clamped down on the Chief running game and harried Dawson so much that most of his completions were shorties. Indeed, Kansas City got only one first down running all afternoon, and gained a measly 63 yards on the ground. In the Super Bowl the Chiefs had rushed for 151 yards.

After the game, Cuozzo still looked a bit uptight. He had a bruise on his back but was otherwise unmarked; he had been dumped only twice, both times when his receivers were covered and he was vainly searching for a target. Someone asked if he had been scared. He seemed a bit bemused now that the game was over and he had won and had done very well. "Scared?" he said seriously. "No, I wasn't scared. Scared isn't a word for a football player. High, maybe. Up for the game. But not scared."

Cuozzo, who for one of the few times in his career (he was used sparingly at Baltimore and spent a desperate year at New Orleans) played behind a line that gave him time to throw, showed that he is capable of taking the Vikings to the Super Bowl. In fact, by the time the game was over, most of the fans in the stadium had forgotten Joe Kapp.

"Kapp?" Mack Timpelhoff, Minnesota's All-Pro center, had said before the game. "We'd like to have Joe back, sure. But Cuozzo's our quarterback."

After the game, Krause said, "Everybody looks to Cuozzo as the leader now. He's proved it. If Kapp comes back, he'll have to beat Gary out."

Naturally, the Vikings won't have as much going for them in the weeks to come. Their feelings, which were more or less hidden before the game, began to surface after it was over. Velton, bald as a cue ball at 26, then said it for all of them. "What's the difference between this game and the Super Bowl? Eight months, eight months of thinking."

END

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WHERE A GOLF NUT IS KING

Morocco's monarch plays with equipment that's personally inscribed, imports former Masters champion Claude Harmon as his personal pro and plays many of his rounds on a sporty course with a tee built atop a 1,200-year-old wall of the royal palace by DAN JENKINS

What could happen in the middle of this story is that the writer might decide to hurl Morocco to the ground and ravage it. Nothing obscene, mind you. Just a gentle, loving tussle in a platter of consensus while his heart thumps ecstatically and the neckcloth on his Foreign Legion cap billows in the soft Marrakesh breeze. The thing is, Morocco grabs you here, right here, like a haunting song. But even before I went there recently on a golf assignment—uh huh, golf among the Arabs—I had been carrying on a rather violent affair with the country. Casbahs and French Legionnaires had done it. And harem girls. And Humphrey Bogart running a bar in Casablanca. What chance did I have on a visit? None, of course, which explains why I shall soon be rejoining a group of contented Berbers in Tiznit, there to enjoy the quiet life of envying silver gunpowder horns and perhaps helping tend the greens of the Robert Trent Jones course that King Hassan II is certain to have constructed one day in the Anti-Atlas.

I thought I knew what to expect in the way of golf in Morocco. I knew the king was building courses as if he had heard that Charlie Farrell was opening a racket club in Agadir. I was aware he had also been flying in Claude Harmon between nines to put some altitude on his low duffers. But a golf course there, I felt, would have to combine all that was beautiful and serene about the St. Louis zoo and the battle of the Kasserine Pass.

For example, it was easy for me to envision this wondrous Trent Jones par-4 where one drove from a nest of cobras, aimed for a meandering camel on the right, drew it back between a couple of Sahara dunes and hoped to avoid being stymied by the only living palm in the country. The second shot would require a full carry over an old Nazi ammunition bunker, would have to bounce safely over a herd of sheep, glance off a mosque and come to rest on a putting

surface occupied by acrobats, storytellers and clusters of veiled women.

In all of my stupidity, in fact, I have to confess that I didn't really know where Morocco was. I knew it was over there somewhere in Africa or Arabia, somewhere in the land of Yvonne de Carlo and Peter Lorre, in the land of dark, narrow streets, magic rugs, tribesmen and a lot of guys wearing tarbooshes and trying to buy a visa.

I had inquired of Claude Harmon, "What do you do over there besides get your jewels stolen and watch Sydney Greenstreet auction off your wife?"

Like myself, Claude tends to exaggerate, but he has an excuse, having devoted his career to curing the slices of millionaires, presidents and kings. In any case, his reply was encouraging.

"It's the most beautiful country in the world," he said, "next to the good old U.S.A. And it's just as friendly as can be. You're gonna eat it up like a drive and a wedge. And, hey. The king is my man."

Claude Harmon was the king's man, actually. For a couple of years Claude had been going over to Morocco to bring Hassan II's game down from 110 to 85. Claude had been getting permission from his two clubs—Winged Foot in the summer and Thunderbird in the winter—to go over and watch the king take divots in Rabat, Marrakesh, Casablanca, Fez, Tangier, anywhere there happened to be nine holes hidden inside the palace walls or tucked away on a hillside or creeping through a palm grove or seared by the Atlantic or Mediterranean sun. This led some of Claude's friends to invent a slogan for him: have overlapping grip, will travel.

Originally, according to Claude, the king wanted Tommy Armour because he had come into possession of an instruction book by Armour and decided to invite him over. Tommy thought about it but eventually declined, his friends joked, because he discovered that Morocco wasn't in Westchester County.

Claude, the king was told, had a reputation as the most accomplished teach-

ing pro in the U.S., a man who had once captured the Masters (1948) even though he hadn't played in a single tournament all that winter, who could go around Seminole in something like even 3s and in his later years had taught such power brokers, statuemen, Bob Hopes and patriotic Americans as Dwight Eisenhower, John F. Kennedy and Richard Nixon.

Anyhow, that is the rough background on how this all got started. Claude and the king are mostly what this story is all about, but there will be something of Morocco in it too, I hope, and, of course, in the minor role of casual tyrist and thorough-going tourist there is, clearing the throat, me.

I find it fascinating that of the few monarchs left today—24 by my last count—one is not only captivated by golf but has sort of bent himself toward making his country one long par-5—to promote tourism—and has, at the same time, developed a very special relationship with an American pro. Claude Harmon had made four trips to Morocco before I joined him there last spring for his fifth. During this period of almost three years Claude and the king had exchanged more gifts than words. Claude had not known exactly what to expect in the way of reward until after his first visit. "I went out of goodwill," he said. Goodwill became a thousand a day plus expenses. Plus as many swords, daggers, plates, trays, leather goods and small jewelry as Claude could admire during his free-time shopping tours. Claude would pause to glance at something, a guide would notice it, he'd tell the king, and it would later arrive at Winged Foot.

A Mark III Continental arrived at Claude's home one day, and so did a cigar box full of cash—an ease Claude wanted some undeclared income. "I declared it all," said Claude.

Things also turned up for Claude's wife, Alice, and for the country clubs he represented. For straightening out a duck hook, one might presume: some antique jewelry and a Moroccan belt for Alice. And then for ironing the

continued

curl out of a slice, one might also presume: a \$25,000 silver tea service for Thunderbird and one on its way for Winged Foot.

But what could one give a generous monarch, Claude often wondered.

"I don't know," I told him once. "His very own junta?"

On each trip Claude would take along dozens of golf clubs and bags and shoes to pass around among the king's friends and aides. He would take the king a wedge or putter or odd club he might not have seen or heard about. He once had Ben Hogan make up a few dozen balls with "King Hassan II" engraved on them. He also had Hogan make an engraved set of clubs. Claude carried over balls, clubs, head covers, gloves, wedges, sand irons, weird putters, even a set of gold Winged Foot cuff links.

Morocco's oldest course is in Marrakesh and it consists of 18 holes woven through lovely woods, with occasional glimpses of the snow-peaked Atlas mountains. One doesn't find a swimming pool or tennis courts at Royal Golf de Marrakesh. In fact, one seldom finds any people there at all, much less caddies. You lug your own clubs and hope to find an Arab mowing greens along the way to tell you where the next tee is. He might say something in Arabic, like, "Car-rock, a-loc, a-loc," which I took to mean, "Tees are where you find them."

But it was handsome, quiet and pleasant, and always there were the mountains rising above the palms and poplars.

The holes, as on all of the courses, aren't tremendously long, which does much for the golfer's ego. But I gather that no one spends much time looking for a stray shot in the uncultured rough, unless, of course, one has a fetish for disturbing cobras.

As one of the world's leading cobra haters, I had two experiences in Marrakesh that scarred the soul. First, entering the orange-walled city by car, having driven three hours from Ca-

sablanca through some amazing scenery changes—from dunes to brilliant green hills and over streams the color of café au lait—I came upon two grinning Arabs under a tree, waving at me. I stopped. They stood up. I smiled back. They pointed at two buckets they were holding. And smiled again. I smiled again. So they reached into the buckets and lifted out two wriggling, unhappy cobras.

"A-mock, car-rock, a-loc," one of them said, still smiling.

"Car-rock you," I said, and sped away.

Later on, in a square named the Djemaa-el-Fna, I found their mates.



Morocco's burgeoning golf industry includes seven public courses: Marrakesh and Mohammedia, 18 holes each, and Ifrane, Casablanca, Tangier, Rabat and Agadir. The king's private courses are at Rabat, Sâkhrat, Meknâs, and Fes. In addition, Robert Trent Jones is planning a total of 135 holes at Rabat, Marrakesh and Agadir.

Like 50,000 other people, I had been milling around the Djemaa-el-Fna, looking for the missing letters in the name and observing fortune-tellers, magicians, medicine men, gamblers, acrobats, Saharan dancers, donkeys, camels, children sitting and listening to story tellers and vendors cooking snails and sausages, when an Arab tapped me on the shoulder. He pointed to a carpet spread out on the dirt and to a basket turned upside down.

"Hmmm," I said. "Beeg black cobra? One dollar American?"

The Arab grinned delightedly, lifted up the basket and out he came, King S, to rear up, swell up and do his thing. And then out from under the carpet came another. Terrific.

"That's great," I said, putting a dollar in his hand. "Now do you happen to have a magic carpet to get me back to America?"

Like every other place on the globe, Marrakesh is finding itself being modernized. Only two blocks away from the Mamounia Hotel, a mammoth place of elegance and gardens said to have been Winston Churchill's favorite, is a Holiday Inn and a friendly neighborhood Avis office where a cute Arab attendant wore a miniskirt as short as any on a cocktail waitress along the Sunset Strip. Sadly, one thing is unavoidable in Marrakesh. You can't sit in a hotel lobby having your mint tea without over-

hearing an American in a summer sport shirt reaching to his navel, crepe-soled shoes and a Midwestern accent telling a Frenchman about his fun-filled days at the University of Ohio and what a damn hard time he was going to have trying to fit three son-in-laws into his roofing company back home.

The best golf course in Morocco for anyone, king or peasant—at least the best until Robert Trent Jones gets finished with all of the complexes he's designing in Marrakesh, Rabat and Agadir—lies about 40 minutes north of Casablanca, on the Atlantic. Royal Golf de

Mohammedia, it is called. The resort town is Mohammedia, naturally. A couple of large luxury hotels sprawl on the beach, and there is a yacht basin, but the main attraction appears to be the golf club. The course is flat but heavily wooded and quite scenic along the bay, where the 9th and 18th fairways lie adjacent to the water. (In Casablanca proper there is another course to which the tourist has entree, but the serious golfer would be just as well off hitting a few

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN JESS



chip shots in a public park. This is the Royal Golf d'Anfa, a nine-hole layout inside a small racetrack.)

But Casablanca had far more mystery when it was situated on Warner's back lot than it seems to have today. I couldn't find Rick's Café American or Ingrid Bergman or anybody.

There are only four other golf courses that any Moroccan knows about in his country. One is a nine-hole course in Tangier that is notable for only one thing: Playing it with Claude on an occasion a year ago, the king warmed up by hitting a few pitch shots onto a tennis court and then by driving a dozen or so balls off a cliff toward the Rock of Gibralt-



Hassan's over-the-top, two-gloved swing sometimes produces results that bring a royal smile.

tar. Another course is in the Tyrolean-type village of Ifrane, an hour or so by car from Fez. It isn't much—"A hotel put-3 that hasn't been mowed in a week" pretty well describes it—and the king plays it only rarely. Then there's Royal Guard in Rabat and Isergane in Agadir, both nine-hole layouts.

So much for the courses that the public sees. There are others that only His Majesty and those who loiter with royalty can see and play. These are courses Hassan has had built inside the walls of his various palaces. There are nine holes, fully lighted, within the main palace in

continued



The king's party tees off from this dizzy height on the wall of the Royal Palace in Fez.

Rabat. There are 18 holes behind the walls of the summer palace on the Atlantic in Skhirat. There are nine holes inside the palace grounds in the ancient town of Meknes. And nine more inside the palace at Fez. All of which add up to 45 more than most of us have for working out our duck hooks in private.

But before anyone starts thinking that Hassan II is greedy with his golf, listen to all of the things Robert Trent Jones is doing for him—Morocco.

Soon to be completed in Rabat, for instance, is the Royal Golf Club of Rabat, a 45-hole project complete with clubhouse and cottages. It should be ready next February. Not only has the king had Jones design a championship 18 holes—"Worthy of holding the World Cup," he ordered—but he also has had Jones build another 18 for package tours, and then finally a nine-hole course for beginners.

The complex is built on rolling terrain through cork and oak trees. One course has a multiplicity of bunkers, the other plateaued greens and an island hole. Dave Hall would love it.

As elaborate as the Rabat complex is, it only got Hassan warmed up. Rabat was for diplomats, and tourists jumping off toward other places. Places like Marrakesh. Yes, Marrakesh. That would be the city to do something really spectacular in. Jones was no more than half-finished with Rabat when His Majesty hired him again. Do me Marrakesh, he said.

So what's happening there these days is this: on 3,000 acres near the Marrakesh course I mentioned earlier, a modest little thing called the Club of the King's Friends is going out and up and around. Championship layout, of course. A bit of Dorado Beach. A bit of Sotogrande. A bit of Williamsburg Trees. Sand. Water. And those Atlas Mountains peering down on it all. Another 45 holes in all, like Rabat, but the Club of the King's Friends, the main course, is being confined within walls and encircled by a moat. A mall leads through the center to a cul-de-sac where condominiums will be built, overlooking the course. An apartment complex for members is also planned, and a polo field. Plus Alpine skiing in the Atlas most of the year, with helicopters available to take the golfer sking in 15 minutes. (Jones was recently commissioned to start another project, this one farther south and on the coast, in Agadir. It, too, will contain 45 holes.)

For all of the work he has done, Jones has seen King Hassan only five or six times, and only then on a golf course, walking along with him, chatting between shots. They have never had a meal together, and the architect has never seen him at night. This probably isn't unusual. I haven't dined that often with kings, either.

As the guidebooks say, Fez is the "heart of Morocco," the onetime capital, the spiritual and intellectual center of the country. Thus, it was more than appropriate that in Fez, which is about as ancient as a place can get and not be in China, I finally caught up with Claude and his pupil.

One of the king's cars, bearing a driver who believed himself to be the Arab equivalent of Cale Yarborough, had transported me the 125 miles from Rabat to Fez in, like, zap. There a two-engine plane was landing at a deserted airport. Out of the plane stepped Claude and his



Claude Hammar, the king's pro, gives his pupil a pointer of two between shots.

personal guide-friend-envoy for this particular trip, the Moroccan Consul General in New York, Abdeslam Jadi.

Jadi spoke good English and good everything else, so the heat was off. Jadi's job was largely that of entertaining Claude and seeing that he got where the king wanted him to be each day. His job was also to bargain for Claude in the Casbahs and try to prevent him from buying every brass tray and Moroccan carpet in existence.

"Claude, you can't cure the economic ills of our country singlehanded," Jadi would say.

"Don't you understand?" Claude would reply. "I love my country, Monsieur Jadi."

Fez is cradled by hills, but it crawls up the sides of some of them, its old fading cream structures and brown ruins ringed by rich green beauty. For all of its age, you can do things in Fez you wouldn't dare do or try to do in, let us say, Mexico or Spain—like eat anything, drink the tap water and get one-day dry cleaning. It is simply a remarkably pretty, enchanting and friendly city with all

different kinds of lofty balconies and dark dungeons to dine and drink in and gardens to stroll in.

The Casbah or medina—or old city, as they call it—is twice the size of any other in Morocco and twice blessed with atmosphere. Deep in the Casbah of Fez one can wander into a doorway, be led through damp corridors of carpet and leather to the antique jewelry room, there to be offered a chair, a glass of hot mint tea, a plate of cakes—and a pipe. Two puffs and you buy the whole store.

Frankly, despite all of Claude's stories I didn't really know what to expect from His Majesty. And when the day came that I would be invited to accompany Claude inside the palace walls at Fez and there to stroll nine holes with him—as Trent Jones had done six times—I was a little nervous.

"I hope there's some atmosphere

around," I said to Claude. "I mean, it would be kind of nifty to see a king play golf around some ruins or something."

Claude said, "How does twelve hundred years old grab you?"

Inside the burnt-orange walls of the palace at Fez there was, sure enough, a nine-hole golf course. It had grass that was green. It had smooth putting surfaces with pins. Rough. Water hazards. A couple of par-5s. And all around it were these 20- to 50-foot walls, looking as though they had always been there, as if Idriss II, or somebody, had known a long time before the Scots about the rut iron.

On days when Hassan plays golf, a lot of people turn up. Mostly, they are aides and servants and simply close friends. Claude, Jaïd and I got there a few minutes ahead of His Majesty, and

I got to notice a great deal of hustling about by everyone. A couple of Hurley-Davidson carts were driven out, one carrying three sets of clubs, all belonging to King Hassan, the other carrying refreshments.

Several Arabs wearing fezes and djellabas neatly spread out a dozen pairs of golf shoes from which His Majesty would make a selection. They also spread out half a dozen sweaters in cellophane wrappers for the same purpose.

A number of men with briefcases stood by, obviously hoping to conduct some business between swings. Some diplomats, the Moroccan chief of world affairs and an official of the police were there, as were the head of the paratroopers and a very good Moroccan amateur. These last three would play with Hassan. Claude would walk around and give a tip now and then.

continued

Symbols of Morocco's new wealth, petroleum, rise from behind the course at Mohammedia.



Suddenly something dawned on me. "Listen, uh, Claude," I said. "How do we greet His Majesty? I mean, I know I don't say, 'Hi, King! How's your mom and them?' Do I kneel or what?"

Claude said, "He's quite a fellow. A young man. Tough. Well educated. Speaks a lot of languages."

"So what do I do?"

Claude said, "He's a king, you know. No mistake about who the *king* is."

"Yeh, I know," I said. "So?"

"You're an American," Claude said.

"Yeah, right."

"Well, you just walk up to him and stick out your hand and say, 'How do you do,' and look him right in the eye."

"Oh, good," I said. "Then I don't have to bow and kiss his hand like I would Hogan."

I don't know whether I expected the palace gates to open so King Hassan could gallop in on an Arabian stallion with a hundred Bedouin warriors, or what. But I do know that I didn't expect him to arrive driving the lead car in a motorcade himself, and for that

car to be a Chevrolet station wagon.

"He loves cars," Claude whispered. "He'll turn up in a Maserati tomorrow and a Volkswagen the next day. He's probably trying this one out. Probably thinking about buying a fleet of them."

Everybody lined up to greet the king, including all of the people in all of the limousines behind him. The custom is that the king sticks out his right hand and a Moroccan gets to kiss the back of it. If the king holds him in favor, he also gets to kiss the palm. Very close friends and family get a back, a palm and a cheek. This went on for a while and then Claude shook hands and forthwith presented his writer pal.

Following Claude's advice, I self-assuredly stepped forward, took King Hassan's hand, looked him straight in the forehead and said, "Good Majes, your morningsty. Real pleasure. Fine. Sure is."

He was a bit tiny for a king, I thought. About five-six. He was swarthy and had black sideburns stealing down in mod fashion from thinning hair on top that

When friends join the king for some golf, palace servants do the carting—golfers style.



Before hitting a shot, Hassan hands his cigarette to a servant, who holds it with special tweezers.

he combed straight across. He was pretty mod, all around, in fact. He wore a pair of tight, pocketless flares and buckled loafers, and he had gotten out of the car in dark granny glasses. I decided that he could pass easily in Beverly Hills for the script supervisor on a hit TV series.

He moved around briskly, choosing his shoes and sweater. But he didn't put them on. Somebody else did that for him. And the singular job of one valet was to hold an odd-looking instrument that resembled a large pair of tweezers. It was a cigarette holder. The king smoked a lot and rather than drop his cigarette on the ground between golf shots, he just held it out and the tweezers grabbed it.

Now he had a three-wood and went to the practice area to take several vigorous swings before the game. Claude trailed quietly after him with his hands folded behind his back. Two of Morocco's best pros, who have played in several World Cups, were present, and their jobs were equally divided. One selected each club for His Majesty, and the other saw that he never got a bad lie, even in the rough.

What most of this added up to, I realized, was that when kings play golf they never have to bend over.

The king's swing would not send Bert Yancey scurrying to the practice tee. He



took a wide stance with both toes pointed outward. Wearing gloves on both hands and with his shoulders hunched up, he swung aggressively with a long, flapping backswing and a leaning-forward follow-through. Still, he hit some good ones, favoring a medium to low hook.

"Too fast," he cried of his swing a few times.

"Hmmm," Claude said, agreeing.

Turning to me, Claude said, "You can never let a pupil think you're disappointed in him. You can never let him think he isn't improving. The secret to teaching golf to someone is to show a deep interest in his game, no matter how bad it might be, and continually offer encouragement. If I just tell him one or two little things today, he'll be happy. I'll pick my spots."

The king, now ready, had a small surprise for us. He led us all, maybe 20 people, toward a corner of the palace wall, through an entranceway, up a long, high rock stairwell to the very top of the corner wall. Perched up there, overlooking all of Fez and all of the palace grounds, was a little grassy knoll—alas, the first tee.

"We tee off," said His Majesty, "from many centuries ago." And he smiled.

The first hole was considered a par-4, a straightaway drive, mindful of the wall running down the left side of the fairway with a small pond in front of the green. Although the king played it in four with a driver and a wedge, an American touring pro would use about a three-iron. It would be a par-3.

As we walked along on the first few holes, Claude explained that His Majesty likes a joke or two. Indeed, I noticed in one of his golf bags there was a pop gun.

"He'll sometimes sneak up behind somebody who's getting ready to tee off and shoot the gun between his legs, blowing the ball off the tee just as the fellow swings," said Claude.

"Hey, that's really funny," I said.

There had also been a day when one of His Majesty's golfing companions from the court showed up in wild, multicolored slacks. So the king ordered a pair of scissors, which were promptly produced, and went about cutting off the man's trousers above the knees.

Just before I got there, Hassan had played in Rabat with the Apollo 12 crew—Conrad, Bean and Gordon—Claude told me. "They didn't play too good. I told him, 'Your Majesty, they can play the big ball in the sky but they can't play the little ball on the ground.' He liked that."

Claude had said that although the king was never with you in the evening, he arranged, personally, most of your entertainment. And he always knew where you had been and with whom. Armed with this knowledge, I was not surprised when he asked, "How was dinner last night?"

We had gone to the home of a wealthy businessman of Fez named Merassi. Whiskey and ice were displayed on a center table in the living room, a help-yourself favor to the thirsty Americans. Few Moroccans drink. Scads of servants moved about, passing snacks and placing incense burners on the floor. A Berber orchestra showed up and there was occasional dancing and singing. Scotch, incense and music do not necessarily make an American hungry, but Claude had warned the feast would be spectacular. And here it came.

A tureen of soup first, with lamb and lentils and lemon. Then shish kebab. Then a smoking platter of lamb knuckles with artichoke stalks and lemon. Then a huge bowl of meatballs with lightly fried eggs on top, floating on a mixture of paprika or chili pepper. Tex-Mex Morocco, I thought. Next came an equally large serving of whole chickens highly seasoned and swimming in juices. This was followed by an entire barbecued lamb. Then came the *couscous*, served on this occasion as a dessert with powdered sugar. Finally, there was fruit and hot mint tea.

We dined Moroccan style, which means that one eats only with the thumb and first two fingers of the right hand. Just reach in and rip it out.

For a napkin there is only your very own huge loaf of crusty bread. You wipe your hand on it, or tear off chunks and dip it in the bowls and platters. Moroccans know where the best pieces of barbecued lamb and seasoned chicken are. My hand followed theirs, to the point, in fact, that one or two of them began to pull off delicate, lean slivers of

meat and offer them to me. "Fine. Sure is," I said.

To say the least, it was the best meal I've ever had.

And so when Hassan asked how our dinner was last night, I couldn't resist preempting Claude.

"It was marvelous," I said. "And what I think I'll do is cut off my right hand and open a restaurant in New York."

His Majesty laughed and repeated the remark to some aides.

"He likes a joke," I told Claude.

Along about here, the king's golf suffered a bit. From the 5th or 6th tee he hooked a high one over the palace wall and onto the Boulevard des Saadiens.

"Golf go away. Monsieur Har-moon," he said to Claude.

"Golf will come back," Harmon smiled.

Whereupon the king hooked another high one over the wall.

"Very bad," he said.

"Golf comes and goes," said Claude.

Whereupon the king hooked still a third drive over the wall.

"Golf is gone," he said, shaking his head.

"Golf will come back," said Claude.

"When?" I said to Claude.

King Hassan finished out the nine holes in something like 43. He hit a few more bad shots, but he also hit some good ones, including a fine three-wood to the last green, where he poked up his fifth par of the round.

He went then to the practice tee, chatted with his friends for a moment, signed a few documents, read through some papers an aide handed him and then began soaring several practice shots off into the distance.

They were remarkably straight.

The king looked up and smiled.

"Golf come back," he said.

As we were driven back to our hotel in Fez, we passed along the Boulevard des Saadiens. Through the car window I saw an Arab in a djellaba sitting cross-legged on the grass looking at an object in his hand.

It was most likely a golf ball that had "King Hassan II" engraved on it. But the Arab would not know what it was, I figured. And he would never understand what it might mean to his country.

END



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The crisp look of modern urban design—on a two-story scale—is reflected in these vacation beach houses conceived by Architect Harry Bates, who came to the theme in the middle of a career devoted to bigger things. Bates houses always look more massive than they really are.

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The rugged structure below offers a breezeway through the center that has swimming pool to one and blunts the force of Fire Island wind and water.



Long Island house above is 200 feet from the Atlantic surf. Children keep a canoe and Sausalito on a nearby pond, where their parents can shoot ducks.

Designed for a family with three small boys and lots of friends, every inch of space was planned in detail. This six bunk boys' bedroom is a case in point.



The back of the house (below) is level with the dunes, reached by a flying bridge. Living room with glass walls on two sides runs from front to back.





Stormproof house above is built of cedar, inside and out. A ramp connects house with a walkway. Walls facing neighbors are windowless for privacy.

Bedroom walls are white-stained cedar, floors of whitened oak. Windows at each end look over bay and ocean. House is decorated in Narvikko fabrics.



Family room (above) of house at right has knotted cedar walls, rubbed oak floor and a kitchen opening onto living area. Counters are black vinyl "slate."

The house, another Five Island getaway, is owned by family of enthusiastic sailors. Exterior cedar walls are free of knots, which can pop in damp weather.



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HE SHRINKS BIG BUILDINGS TO SIZE

The thing that makes Harry Bates different is his approach: he is a former skyscraper builder who now designs sport houses. Bates brings to a one-family, two-story beach house the same lessons he learned while working as a young architect in the New York offices of Skidmore Owings & Merrill, those big-scale builders of skyscrapers. He joined the architectural firm in 1955, fresh from North Carolina State University, and worked on the plans for three original and striking New York City structures—the Chase Manhattan Bank in Wall Street and the Pepsi-Cola and Union Carbide Buildings on Park Avenue.

"The 10 years I spent with Skidmore taught me discipline," he says. "What was really exciting was that in the last couple of years I was there the firm began to discard and pare down. Lots of superfluous detail disappeared from their plans, frills were gone and they began to cut through to the design essentials."

Spurred by that theme, Bates began to do the same sort of thing when he opened his own office in the city. He built a vacation house for himself, using the cheapest, roughest materials available at the time. Cypress was then the least expensive wood and—although it has risen in cost since the first Bates beach house—he still likes to use it for its roughness, sturdy quality.

But Bates started to feel boxed in, that his designs were becoming too symmetrical—a throwback to his early Skidmore days. "My first real break with tradition came with the house I designed for Dorothy Levy," says the architect. (This is the Fire Island beach house on page 42.) Approaching the new job, he found that half the Levy property had been washed away by a hurricane and that a swimming pool took up a large slice of what was left. Sizing up the remaining small piece of land, Bates designed a three-bedroom house, 18 feet by 38 feet, but he hung onto the plans for 10 days before showing them to Mrs. Levy, "because they were so completely different from anything I had ever done before."

"But she loved it," Bates recalls. "And it made me think that my new approach was right after all. I owe her a lot."

Eighteen months and six houses later Bates built the house on page 43. "This

was a house for very contemporary people," he says. "The Elliot Regens love Long Island and such things as duck shooting. I knew exactly the kind of place they needed." For Dr. Jeff Davis and his wife Virginia, who spend most of their leisure time sailing, he designed



Harry Bates surveys one of his designs.

a cool cedar house on a large piece of ocean property on Fire Island (page 44).

"Harry is ready to adapt his plans to your personal needs," says Virginia Davis. "If they're not what you want he'll change them, and the result will still be marvelous and it will still be his."

All the Bates beach houses are clearly his work. "In the final analysis this is Harry's house," says Harry Schiff, whose Fire Island house (page 45) is practically next door to the Davises.

Bates houses require a minimum of maintenance. Everything works: doors are solid, windows fit and there are no drafts. Outside showers keep sand out of the house, and, if it does get tracked in, it doesn't show on the bleached floors. There is plenty of storage space and a lot of built-ins so that nobody needs to drag out all sorts of furniture from town. A Bates house is not ruinously expensive, either. All these houses cost less than \$27 a square foot, the first two less than \$20.

—PAMELA KNIGHT



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MAYA MORIN, Italian film actress, appears in Federico Fellini's SATYRICON.

Her "Galliano Gold" gown is by famed Italian designer Biki of Milan. Photographed at "Palatine Hill," Rome.

INDIANS IN—

★ Ranking way down there with the Frito Bandito and Little Black Sambo was the Stanford Indian, according to critics. Associate Dean Douglas Davis in particular. So when Athletic Director Chuck Taylor and Coach John Ralston agreed—as did the Indian students on campus—Stanford decided to move forward by going back to its 1930 emblem. This one shows a Plains Indian reminiscent of the gentleman who used to grace the penny, a nobler Red Man by far than the cartoon. Nice gesture. But no guarantee that it will help Stanford get to the Rose Bowl.

Also engaged in correcting the Indian image is *Jim Thorpe's* son Jack, who was not happy about Burt Lancaster's portrayal of his dad in that 1951 movie. Jim was played as "a young man, already sad, and drinking a lot. But he was a real warmhearted person—and a practical joker," his son says. Young Thorpe has formed a group of Indian dancers to perform at schools and clubs and he gives a brief talk. "Indians have a great sense of humor," Thorpe observes, "and I don't think they're much different from anybody else."

—AND INDIANS OUT Cleveland's.

Cigarettes in his belt, like any good old country boy, and strummin' on his nine-iron was country music singer Jerry Reed with Mr. Guitar himself, Chet Atkins. What were they up to? Well, breakin' ground at Crockett Springs National Golf and Country Club, a superclubhouse layout being designed by Touring Pro Bruce Devlin and Architect Bob Von Hagge. Included among the country-western performers (most of



whom are golf fanatics) helping finance the project are such noteworthy bookers as Glen Campbell, Bobby Goldsboro, Floyd Cramer and Archie Campbell. And where is Crockett Springs? Just down the road a piece from Nashville. Where else?

Clown is a revealing biography of Hot Rod Hurdley, the former basketball star who, as a blurb for the book succinctly puts it, "finally got the sex for his extracurricular activities." To his wife, Flo, has added, "If all Rod's girl friends buy the book, we'll get rich." Also his bartenders. With Hurdley's reputation as a man-about-towns well established, his listing of the bars and nightclubs he most enjoys merits some attention. As a people-to-people service, here are some of Hurdley's recommended hangouts: ATLANTA: Sals Soda, Windjammer. BALTIMORE: Sweeney's, The Wishing Well. BOSTON: The Point After. DETROIT: Lindell AC. CHICAGO: Store Annex Lounge, Busch McGuire's Tavern. LOS ANGELES: La Marina, King's X. MILWAUKEE: Crazy Horse, Victor's. NEW YORK: Jilly's, Mixer Laffs. PHILADEL-

PHIA: The Two-Four Club. SAN DIEGO: Bulley's (in La Jolla), The Village Inn. SAN FRANCISCO: Ricksha Cocktail Lounge. End of book review.

Political Double Fault of The Week:

Some of the mail-order requests for seats at the Pacific-Southwest tennis tournament in Los Angeles were answered with a little extra touch. In addition to the tickets, the replies included a separate message entitled: "George Murphy, Friend of Tennis." The message went on to describe the California Senator's really keen interest in tennis and other sports and concluded with the hope that he will find "expressions of thanks for it." Golly, yes. How about, "Well, I'm voting for the other fellow, Senator. But thanks for being a friend of tennis."

Singer Joey Heatherton has confided that she and husband Lance Rentzel have been abiding by the Dallas Cowboys' training rules. "He and all the other boys have to be tucked into their little beds early," she says pettily, "and what can a wife do?" Not a whole lot, actually, when a wife is performing at the Plaza Hotel in New York City and the husband's little bed is in Dallas.

"It is the *mentality* of the person I can't understand," says former Grand Prix Driver Innes Ireland, speaking of England's phantom sniper of the M (for motorway) 4. The sniper got him in the windscreen, adding Ireland's Mercedes 230 SE to a list of some 50 cars and buses winged with an air rifle. As Ireland said, indignantly, "It's so incredibly dangerous—it just wants somebody to lose control when a windscreen breaks." When he'd summured down, ex-racer Ireland allowed as how "I'm not doing very

much at the moment. I'm sort of thinking of various things." Like going back to the relative calm of Brands Hatch or Watkins Glen, where at least they don't shoot at the drivers with air rifles?

Phille Fitcher Chris Short got off to a lousy start this year, but lately he has looked more like the 30-game winner of 1966, thanks to Manager Frank Lacchesi, who told Short he was too fat. Short saw the light, lost weight and got his fastball back. But how did he diet? "I went to bourbon and whiskey," Short says. "Beer's the thing that puts weight on you. You drink bourbon with water, you don't put weight on." Short cites his recent record as proof of his theory. About 100 proof.

♦ Comic Shelley Berman is writing the script for a Peggy Fleming-Jean-Claude Kilgley TV special, see, and to get into the spirit of the thing he is learning to ice skate. "And now I understand the true meaning of American democracy," he says, "because I'm standing up against descent." Got that? Standing up against... well, maybe there'll be a good show on one of the other channels.



Not such a bad scene at all

Kent State's self-proclaimed freaks attended the game against Ohio University to mock it but wound up cheering along with the squares

They unfurled a banner made of two white sheets and placed it near the 20-yard line. It read **FREAKS SAY GO GOLDEN FLASHES**. At the moment Kent State was going nowhere in its season opener, trailing Mid-American Conference opponent Ohio University 14-0 at halftime. The group, those self-proclaimed freaks, had intended to spend the afternoon playfully mocking the game. After all, how could the scene—Band Day, a comic-strip-inspired mascot named Grog, cheerleaders and football players—remain relevant on the campus where less than five months ago a student-National Guard confrontation left four dead and nine wounded.

But in spite of themselves the freaks became caught up in the game. A 47-yard punt return, two second-half touchdown drives and suddenly they were in-

involved. One member stood and began imitating the arm movements of a cheerleader, his blond hair falling across his shirt collar as he performed the exaggerated gestures. A coed seated directly behind him watched and became angry. "Stop it!" she told him. "Didn't you know that Abbie Hoffman was once a cheerleader?" The dissident looked back at the sorority girl, and both of them burst into delighted laughter. The Kent State rally fell short, Ohio winning 24-14, but for a moment, down near the 20-yard line, the horrible memory of May 4 was forgotten, and the school had pulled itself together again.

The day before the game the Kent State coach, Dave Puddington, was eating a steak in a restaurant just off campus. His hair was cut military length, a habit retained from four

years as a Navy fighter pilot in Korea, where he won two Air Medals. Puddington is a man who describes himself as "what you'd call a square"—a nondrinking, nonsmoking, nonswearing member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. "He is Mr. Naive Unbelievable," says Sports Information Director Paul Schlemmer. "He honestly believes in God, mother and apple pie. He's refreshing. There's no cynicism in him at all."

The afternoon of May 4 is still very vivid to Puddington. His office is located in Memorial Gymnasium, the building where the Guardsmen were billeted. "I was shocked," he said. "It wasn't until sometime the next month that I snapped out of it."

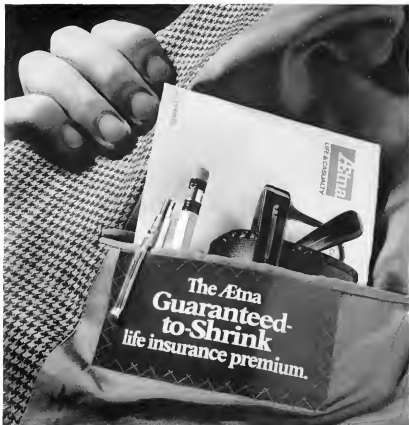
The campus tragedy forced Puddington and his staff of assistants to work furiously to save the school's football program. Ironically, the national letter of intent had been mailed to prospects the morning of the tragedy. The staff called the homes of all 24 boys, speaking first to the parents and then to the athletes. After two days they managed to convince the entire list to enroll at Kent State despite what had happened.

Puddington was also faced with an eligibility problem. When Kent State was closed by a Portage County injunction just four hours after the shooting, it became a correspondence school. "We had 75 players with incomplete records," Puddington said. "They had to mail in their finals, and a lot of the exams spent the summer unopened on professors' desks. We had a tough time presenting our eligibility list to the MAC by the end of July." As it was, his starting tailback and center became eligible only five days before the game.

The closing of school cost the university \$1.5 million, much of it spent in refunding student room-and-board money. Every activity on the campus was affected. Puddington canceled plans for a season-ticket promotion called Flash Fever, aimed at filling the new seats at Memorial Stadium with at least 10,000 new fans. (There were 14,500 at the game Saturday, an average crowd.) Travel expenses were cut—buses, not planes, to away games this year. The football brochure was printed on just 40 pages and contained one photograph—a black-

continued





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OUR CONCERN IS PEOPLE

and-white cover picture of the team's star, Fullback Don Nottingham.

As fall practice began the Kent players were issued temporary identification cards to show to security officers guarding the campus. And, as the Ohio U. game approached, Puddington saw patrol cars driving around the field late at night.

"Our football team was the first student group back on campus this fall," Puddington said as he finished his dinner, "and tomorrow's game starts the regular school year. There is terrific division, not only among students but between the city of Kent and the university as well. We feel that football can help bring these people together."

His athletes share their coach's belief. Perhaps Phil Witherspoon, a running back from Altoona, Pa., sums up the team's hopes better than anyone. "We're together," he says. "The people around here will never forget that day. But we feel that we can try to steer them away from it. If we can win maybe some townspeople will watch us and some students also. Maybe we can help get them thinking straight again."

THE WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

SOUTH

1. MISSISSIPPI (1-0)
2. FLORIDA (2-0)
3. AUBURN (1-0)

With only a few seconds left on the clock in Baton Rouge, the highly regarded Tigers of Louisiana State had a seemingly safe 18-13 lead over Texas A&M. The LSU fans were beginning to make their way toward the exits—but wait, what was this? Here was A&M's Lex James, the sophomore quarterback with the matinee-cowboy name, flinging the ball into the sky. And here came an LSU defender to intercept and end the game—but, oops, he overran the ball, which dropped right into the hands of Hugh McElroy, the Aggies' tiny (5' 7", 170) split end. And, as that gentleman put it later, "All I could think was that I had to cut-run everybody." Which he did, to give the Aggies a 20-18 upset.

It was LSU's first opening loss at home since 1957 and the Tigers' first ever under Coach Charlie McClendon, who could only

look at the scoreboard and groan: "We were in the right defense but went for the ball instead of the man and gave away the big play."

The Tigers led 12-3 going into the final quarter, but the Aggies took the lead with 10 quick points. First came a field goal by Pat McDermott (who does not wear a shoe on his kicking foot), and then Linebacker Mike Lord, who comes from Baton Rouge, recovered an LSU fumble to set up a TD pass from James to End Homer May. Nevertheless, the game still seemed to be LSU's when Mark Lumpkin kicked a 21-yard field goal with 2:34 left and added one from 31 yards with 45 seconds to go. Then came the bomb that gave the Aggies what Coach Gene Stallings called "as big a win for Texas A&M as any, at least since I've been here." Well, Gene should enjoy it while he can. This week the Aggies meet Ohio State. In Columbus, Gulp.

Another upset occurred in Lexington, where the Kentucky Wildcats surprised Lynn Dickey and Kansas State 16-3—thanks in part, at least, to Coach John Ray. After Kentucky's opening loss to North Carolina, Ray said, "I was ashamed of our defense." He spent the week trying to gain some pride in it. Well, not only did it stop Kansas State with a minus-93 yards rushing, it also intercepted three passes and recovered two fumbles, the second by Linebacker Wilbur Hackett with 47 seconds left that stopped K-State's last gain and led to a Kentucky TD on the final play of the game. Though Dickey completed 20 of 30 passes for 224 yards, he also was dumped four times for losses of 44 yards and had to leave the game because of sore ribs. The win ended Kentucky's seven-game losing streak.

In Memphis Archie Manning of Ole Miss opened in routine fashion—which is to say spectacular. Although the Memphis State defense was set to stop his end sweeps, Manning—or "Broadway Archie," as the latest button has it—still scored two TDs and passed for another as the Rebels won 47-13. Before turning over the quarterbacking to two understudies, Manning gained 44 yards rushing and completed 17 of 22 passes for 189 yards.

Auburn and Tennessee warmed up for their game this week with easy victories. With Quarterback Pat Sullivan hitting 15 of 24 passes for 241 yards, the Tigers' 33-14 win over Southern Mississippi was so mechanical that even Coach Shug Jordan was bored. "We looked like an old baseball player who has been up 3,000 times," said Jordan. "It was just another time at bat." At Knoxville SMU's Chuck Hinson wasn't really sharp—he completed 20 of 38 but threw the ball everywhere except into the end zone—and Tennessee made Bill Buttle's coaching debut a success by taming the Mustangs 28-3. The week got off to a bad start for Florida Coach Doug Dickey. On Tues-

day sophomore Linebacker Fred Abbott quit, saying he could not play Dickey's unemotional brand of football. But the Gators came back to chew up Mississippi State 34-13, with Quarterback John Reeves accounting for 272 yards passing and two TDs. In the Atlantic Coast Conference impressive North Carolina beat NC State 19-0 for its second straight. South Carolina defeated Wake Forest 43-7 and Duke outlasted Maryland 13-12. Georgia Tech moved past Florida State 23-17 for victory No. 2.

MIDWEST

1. NEBRASKA (1-0-1)
2. NOTRE DAME (1-0)
3. MISSOURI (2-0)

Football teams have been known so go to ridiculous lengths to win, but Colorado did something new. Before the Buffaloes beat Indiana 16-9, seven members of the defense shaved their heads. "It kinda signifies what football means to us," said Safety John (Bad Dude) Stearns. O.K., John, but while we're trying to figure that one out, why did Colorado stop in the end zone on the way to its dressing room after the game and do wind sprints? "It's a team-spirit thing," Stearns said. "We call it the 'Jingle Jangle.' One Jingle Jangle is from the back of the end zone to the goal line and back. We did five. It definitely helps. Everybody likes it, and it gave us a boost for next week. We're thinking Penn State."

Of course, it will take more than a few bald heads and Jingle Jangles for the Buffs to upset Penn State this week in Boulder, especially after the way they played against inexperienced Indiana. The Hoosiers led their visitors 24-19 in first downs and 78-73 in plays, but Colorado used Dave Hane's three field goals and a little razzle-dazzle to win. The Buffs' only TD, a nine-yard pass from Jim Beaton to Marv Whitaker, was set up by Wide Receiver Steve Dal Porto's 47-yard run on a reverse. Said Colorado Coach Eddie Crowder, "You just have to run some kind of misdirected play today against the defenses being used."

In Columbia, Missouri floundered without a point for the entire first half, then unleashed its own version of Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside to crush Minnesota 34-12. Powerful Tailback Joe Moore ran over the Gophers for three TDs (his 156 yards in 31 carries put him within eight yards of the all-time Missouri career rushing record of 2,600 yards). But speedy Mel Gray (he does the 100 in 9.2) was the man who tore it open for the Tigers, going 35 yards for their second TD on a flanker reverse. In other games involving Big Eight teams Kansas lost to Texas Tech 23-0 for Jim Carlen's second win as the Red Raiders' coach, and Okla-

continued

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homa—back to playing all-round football now that Steve Owens and his constant line snafus have gone on to the pros—defeated Wisconsin 21-7. Quarterback Jack Milden completed eight of 13 passes, and an additional Sooner hero was its Indian mascot, Little Red. Benched last year because some Indian groups felt he was degrading their race, Little Red made a surprise appearance at the start of the second half, and the Sooners, trailing 7-0, ripped off three TDs.

After Michigan's coach, Bo Schembechler, had a heart attack and missed the Rose Bowl, you would think the Wolverines would want to make things easy for Bo this season. So what happens? In their opener against Arizona the Wolverines nursed a one-point lead until the final three minutes, then got a TD and a field goal for a 20-9 win in Ann Arbor. "I was really nervous," said Schembechler. "I've got to learn to control myself."

Having disposed of Northwestern 35-14 in an easy opener, Notre Dame now prepares for this week's foe, Purdue, which has dominated the Irish for three straight years. Notre Dame will be heavily favored to end that streak, but there was an ominous new name in Lafayette: Chuck Piebes, a sophomore walk-on from Valhalla, N.Y., engineered the Bodenmakers to a 15-0 win over Texas Christian for the new head coach, Bob DeMoss. Could Piebes be a worthy successor to Dawson-Griesse-Phlips? "He made some mistakes," said DeMoss, "but he also made some great calls."

In the Mid-American Conference, Toledo defeated Buffalo 27-6 for its 13th straight.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (1-0)
2. TEXAS A&M (2-0)
3. ARKANSAS (1-1)

While Houston was mastering Syracuse (page 22), Texas began its defense of the national championship with a crunching 36-15 defeat of California. It was hot in Austin, 90°, and in Memorial Stadium it was more like 130°. Perhaps it was the heat and perhaps not, but the fact is that two California backs ran into each other trying to catch the opening kickoff—and that was about as exciting as the Golden Bears were all day. Texas fans enjoyed watching Steve Worster, the Longhorns' fine fullback, and Eddie Phillips, who looked like a more-than-suitable replacement for James Street at quarterback.

Phillips, a 6' senior from Mesquite, Texas, ran Coach Darrell Royal's triple-option formations very well. He fed the ball to Worster for three TDs, scored twice himself and gained 129 yards on only nine carries. "Phil-

lips has waited a long time for this," said Royal, who could not conceal his pride in the offense. "Any team we play can stop Worster—if they are willing to pay the price," he said. "Or they can stop us going wide—if they are willing to let Worster rip 'em up the middle."

In Little Rock, Arkansas used a safety in the third quarter as the pivot to a 23-7 win over stubborn Oklahoma State. With the score tied 7-7, the Cowboys' Jam Benien went back into his end zone to punt. The snap from Center Bob Bridges went over Benien's head and into the hands of the fans in the end-zone seats. That gave the Razorbacks an automatic safety and put them ahead 9-7. Arkansas took the ensuing free kick and made it 16-7 when Bill Burnett scored on a pro sweep. Burnett also scored the Hogs' last touchdown for a Southwest Conference career record of 40. Arkansas' Chuck Dicus caught five passes to become the school's all-time top receiver. And Quarterback Bill Montgomery completed 11 of 14, with two clearly dropped, in a fine comeback from his erratic performance in the Razorbacks' opening loss to Stanford.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (1-0)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (2-0)
3. BOSTON COLLEGE (1-0)

Near the end of Penn State's 35-7 victory over Navy, Coach Joe Paterno was pacing up and down before his bench, shouting: "Who hasn't been in yet?"

"I haven't," said a player.

"Well, get in there at tight end," said Paterno.

"But I'm a tackle."

"Well, that's close enough."

And so the tackle went in at tight end, which gives you a fair idea of how easily the Nittany Lions extended their unbeaten streak to 31 and their winning streak to 23—both the longest in the nation. Behind senior Quarterback Mike Cooper, the Lions' offense looked even more explosive than it had last season. Cooper passed for two touchdowns and scored one himself, and he proved his leadership by driving State across the goal four times in the second period. Said Navy Coach Rick Forzano, "My mother probably could have thrown the football with all the protection he had, but Cooper did thread it very well."

What especially pleased Paterno was his defense. Even with seven men Penn State held Navy to 122 yards in total offense, and the defense also accounted for three TDs, with a recovered fumble, an interception and Halfback Mike Smith's 50-yard punt return. "It was one of the finest

opening games any State team has played since I've been here," said Paterno.

Eligible this season for the Lambert Trophy (awarded annually to the best team in the East), West Virginia easily defeated Richmond 49-10. Quarterback Mike Sherwood completed nine of 10 passes before being relieved, while Pete Wood rushed for 157 yards and caught five passes for 49 more. Afterward Bobby Bowden, West Virginia's new coach, said: "Our goal is to be No. 1." They play Penn State Oct. 31.

Old Pitt Stadium had a new look: AstroTurf, brick red Tartan track, walls and ramps freshly painted blue and gold. The most interesting new look, however, was in the Panthers themselves, who pushed UCLA around quite a bit before finally succumbing 24-15. Even after star Linebacker Ralph Condrich was injured early in the game the Panthers made UCLA Coach Tommy Prothro sweat for his 100th victory. Sophomore John Hogan, the Irish son of a steelworker, outduelled UCLA's Dennis Dummit, completing 29 of 47 passes for 299 yards while Dummit was hitting 10 of 25 for 135. However, the statistics did not reveal how courageously Dummit rallied the Bruins in the third quarter for two touchdowns—and the game.

At West Point, Army expected to have a breather against Baylor. The Bears were 0-10 last year, and they were thumped by Missouri 38-0 in this year's opener. So imagine the long gray looks when the Bears won 10-7. The stars were Mattew Williams, a sophomore tailback who broke away in the third quarter for a 30-yard TD, and Mike Conradi, whose 35-yard field goal provided the decisive points. At Villanova, the Wildcats put the ball into the air 56 times against Boston College, but the Eagles completed the pass that won the game—a 78-yard play from Quarterback Frank Harris to Wide Receiver George Gill in the fourth quarter. BC ultimately won 28-21.

WEST

1. USC (1-0-1)
2. STANFORD (2-0)
3. UCLA (2-0)

"It was one of those games made to match two of the nation's superpower forces," said Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney. "I like to think we're one of the better teams in the nation. And I can assure you that USC is." He probably could not have got much of an argument from the 73,768 who sat in the Los Angeles Coliseum and watched his Cornhuskers, the favorite in the Big Eight, and Southern Cal, the Pacific Eight rock, battle to a 21-21 tie. The only argument, in fact, was that: Should USC Coach John McKay have gone for a two-point conver-

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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

sion after the Trojans' last touchdown.

That score, drawing the Trojans within a point at 30-21, came with 6:44 left, USC's strong Clarence Davis bulging the ball in from the nine to complete an 80-yard drive. Instead of going for two points, McKay went for the sure thing—Ron Ayala's extra-point kick. "A tie is better than a loss," said McKay afterward.

If Deviney seemed more disappointed than McKay ("Hell, no, I'm not satisfied with a tie," he said), it was understandable. After a 14-14 tie at halftime the Huskers took a 21-14 lead in the third period. Quarterback Jerry Tagge, who had spent most of the week in the hospital with a ruptured vein in his leg, pitched out to Joe Orduna, who slipped around USC End Charlie Weaver and took off on a 67-yard TD run. Early in the last period Nebraska missed a chance to build its lead to 10 points when Kicker Paul Rogers flubbed what seemed to be an easy field-goal try from the 13-yard line.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE LINEBACKER: Kentucky Linebacker Wilbur Hackett, a 5' 6", 185-pound senior, recovered a fumble and intercepted a pass as the Wildcats upset Kansas State 16-3. The recovery stopped K-State and led to Kentucky's first TD.

THE BACK: Missouri Tailback Joe Moore, a 6' 1", 205-pound senior, gained 156 yards in 31 carries and scored three TDs in the Tigers' 14-12 win over Minnesota. Moore is eight yards away from the school rushing mark.

"We figure he's automatic on one like that," said Devaney, "but it was a bad pass from center and the holder had a little problem."

There were no problems in Palo Alto, where Jim Plunkett and Stanford eased past San Jose State 34-3. Plunkett completed 17 of 29 passes for 302 yards. He now has a Pacific Eight record of 5,584 yards in total offense—and still has nine games to go. Although the Indians scored three of the first four times they had the ball, Plunkett said, "I think we were a little tired. But we'll be ready for Oregon this week."

Last season Colorado State lost to Arizona State 79-7; last week the Sun Devils won by only 38-9. Quarterback Joe Spagnolo hit on 13 of 25 passes for 189 yards for the winners, and Dave Buchanan rushed for 313 yards in 20 carries. In Laramie, Wyo., Coach Lloyd Eaton and a record crowd of 24,541 were wondering what happened to the Cowboys' defense. The Air Force gained 564 yards against the Cowboys, Flanker Ernie Jennings caught eight passes for 235 yards—including a nice one-handed grab for an 80-yard TD play—and won 41-17. Said Eaton, "He makes catches he has no right to make."

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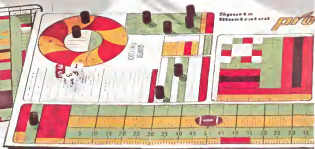
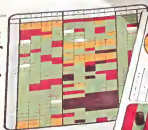
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High-ho, high-ho, it's off to lift we go

And, no boy! were they ever high at the world championships in Columbus last week. In one of the big drug scandals in sport, nine medalists were disqualified when it was learned they had taken amphetamines

It might be said that the World Weightlifting Championships, which were held in Columbus, Ohio last week, began on an upbeat. It might also be said that he who is up had better be prepared to be taken down. Which is precisely what happened in Columbus. Before anyone could say Federation Halterophile Internationale, that body, which governs weight lifting, had disqualified nine of the first 12 medalists for having taken "ups," or amphetamines. It was the first all-out crackdown on drugs in weight lifting, perhaps the most far-reaching ever in any sport, and although the lifters had been warned the FHI would enforce its rule against drugs, no one listened.

The competitors had come from 34 countries, intent upon enjoying themselves, lifting weights and eating. They were taken on a guided tour of a shopping center and sunbathed on the lawn in front of their dormitory—several of them in under shorts. "What else is a man to do if he left his bathing suit in Europe?" said one. And did they eat. Seconds, thirds, fourths . . . until they were told that their \$5-a-day meal ticket entitled them to three meals a day—one at a time.

A minor setback, Vasily Alexeyev, Russia's 6' 1", 300-pound superheavyweight, soon provided comic relief. Seems that after one of his workouts he headed for the car he thought was waiting to take him back to the dorm. Seems that the woman in the car was there to pick up her teenage son, and was aghast when Alexeyev flopped into the backseat. "Out," she cried. Poor Vasily, whose command of English is slight, tried to tell her which way to drive him. Pointing toward the dormitory, he said, "Go."

"Out."

"Go."

"Out."

At last help came. Alexeyev got into the right car, but everyone didn't live happily ever after.

Somewhere in Columbus a Dr. Gwendolyn Carson, who was to become more

mysterious a figure with each passing day, was making startling findings. Her job was to test urine samples taken from the three top finishers in each of the nine weight classes. Her first tests showed unmistakable evidences of amphetamines, so she phoned Dr. Elmer Diltz, an osteopathic physician and the meet doctor. What they needed was a standard against which the tests could be measured. Dr. Diltz volunteered, took 75 milligrams of amphetamines and had his specimen tested.

These events took place a week ago Sunday. On Monday Dr. Carson made her first report. It indicated that all three flyweight medalists—a Hungarian, a Pole and a Russian—had taken massive doses of stimulants. Clarence Johnson, president of the FHI, convened a meeting of his executive committee the next morning, and it was decided to uphold Article 23, Rule 5(f), which states that any lifter found guilty of taking "dope" may be expelled, and to award the medals to the fourth-, fifth- and sixth-place finishers. By this time the tests of the bantamweights had also been completed, and two of them—a Hungarian and a Pole—were disqualified. Four more lifters were stripped of their medals in the next two days—two Poles, one Japanese and one Hungarian. From then on all tests were negative.

Many competitors, both from Communist bloc nations and elsewhere, complained that it was unjust that specimens from only the first three finishers were examined, since it was a virtual certainty that those who had been moved up also had taken stimulants. The value of taking amphetamines was also debated. Some insisted that it was an advantage. Others, such as former U.S. Olympians Tommy Kono and Isaac Berger and U.S. Coach John Terpak, said that "ups" had merely a psychological effect.

Meanwhile, the Poles, Hungarians and Russians threatened to go home, which, of course, they didn't do, since they knew they still had the three best teams in

the meet; indeed, Russia, with 39 points, was the eventual winner, followed by Poland (24) and Hungary (17). Of course, they denied that they had used drugs and claimed that their food must have been doped or that stimulants had been added to the urine samples. Doctors from five countries—the above plus Bulgaria and Spain—criticized the security of the specimens, and a Polish doc-

continued



SPECIMENS LOOKED in attaché case, Dr. Diltz is guarded by security man Doug Grant.

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WEIGHT LIFTING *continued*

torasserted that the specimens were taken in a "paper glass" and that the testing laboratory was "filthy."

These accusations were baseless. The Polish doctor wasn't even on the medical committee, had no firsthand knowledge of the testing procedures and had never seen the lab; the Spanish doctor admitted he had been coerced into signing the complaint, and the Hungarian doctor was caught administering an injection to bantamweight Imre Foldi. At least half a dozen witnesses saw the doctor giving a needle to Foldi backstage during the meet. One was Sergeant Doug Grant of the nearby Worthington police force and head of meet security. Grant and Dr. Diltz later saw the doctor inject Foldi again.

"The doctor said it was calcium for a muscle spasm," Dr. Diltz says. "I went back and 'borrowed' the vial it came from and had it tested. It was a sodium chloride solution, which is used to dilute drugs."

The security was exemplary. Dr. Diltz was the only one who knew Dr. Carson's whereabouts or phone number. There was only one key to the room where specimens were taken, and the safeguarding process was foolproof. One foreign doctor was on duty in that room each night when samples were taken in the presence of Grant and Dr. Diltz. Each sample was poured into four glass vials, the lids of which were immediately taped. The vials were placed in canisters, and a slip of paper bearing the signature of the doctor on duty was taped over the cap. Moreover, during the last few days of the meet, sealing wax was melted over the sides of the canisters and stamped with a one-of-a-kind ivory signet owned by Grant. Two canisters from each contestant's sample were placed in a refrigerator in case there was a request for retesting. The other canisters were locked in Dr. Diltz's attaché case and taken to Dr. Carson's laboratory.

There the samples, which were coded by number rather than being labeled with the weight lifters' names, were tested. As for the lab itself, it is clean and well-secured. And as for those who began to wonder if there really was a Dr. Carson, let it be said that there is, and that she is a highly skilled, almost stately black woman with a Ph.D. who has been a toxicologist for 25 years and belongs to such august bodies as the International

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So we make a point of having an exhaust system for almost any kind of car you're driving.

At last count, we were making mufflers and pipes for 1,770 different car models.

What's more, we don't waste your time. We're geared to install a muffler on any car made in America in 30 minutes. Or less.

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Midas

We install mufflers for a living.
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You can't be delicate about armpits. That's where you sweat a lot.

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That's why English Leather, built Plus to be twice as good, twice as effective as anything else around.

You see, Plus is a whole new idea. Until now, all anti-perspirant deodorants only had one time-release action—in the anti-perspirant.

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1. In the anti-perspirant
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When you first spray Plus on, it works like any good anti-perspirant. It keeps you dry, comfortable, and scented with that great English Leather aroma. Safe from wet armpits and body odor.

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FRAGRANCE

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Leather fragrance to give you renewed deodorant protection.

Plus Your best protection by far against sweat and odor. Until someone starts building better armpits.

WEIGHT LIFTING

al Association of Forensic Toxicologists

"I tested the specimens myself and had someone else test them to check me," she said last Saturday when she finally agreed to discuss her role. Spread on a table before her were graphs showing the amounts of amphetamines found in the samples. Wavy red lines on the graphs had been drawn after the specimens had been placed in a machine called a Beckman DK-2A ratio recording ultraviolet spectrophotometer. In nine cases the red lines indicated the presence of stimulants. A number of lines went off the tops of the graphs. "One sample had to be diluted 64 times with acid water before we could get it on the chart for a reading," Dr. Carson explained. "Another had to be diluted 32 times."

Dr. Carson scotched the accusation that drugs might have been added to the samples after they had been put into the vials. "Anything added would have deviated from the standard, because it must first be metabolized by the body," she said. Added Dr. Diltz, "At no time has any doctor asked us to retest the samples in the refrigerator. To me, that says a lot."

The fuss and furor unfortunately detracted from the performances by the lifters, who set 18 world records. Two Russians—light heavyweight Gennadi Ivanchchenko and middle heavyweight Vasily Kolotov—became the first ever in a world championship to earn four medals in one night, winning the press, snatch, clean-and-jerk and overall. And Alexeyev, none the worse for his misadventure in the automobile, became the first man in history to lift 500 pounds, jerking 501½ lb en route to amassing a 1,346½ total, which won the superheavyweight division. Serge Reding of Belgium, who barely missed a 505-pound jerk, was second and Kalevi Lahdenmanta of Finland came in third. The best performances by Americans were a second for middle heavyweight Phil Grippaldi and a third by heavyweight Bob Bednarski.

Before the championships began, there was a portent that the ceiling might fall in. When the superheaves, who were practicing on the second story of a gym, dropped their 400-pound lifts on the floor, plaster flaked off the ceiling below. All equipment was therefore transferred from the gym to a field house. In all, it took 50 men almost all night to move the 20 tons of weights and gear—and no one popped an "up."

END

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ASPIRINA is available in Regular, Mild Analgesic and Full Strength



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SAAB 900 1.8, four-wheel drive. Sleek body brings low aerodynamic drag to 0.30 cdx.



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right on the film.



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TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS BY FOUR STAR/GLOBAL TOURS

RULES

2. Complete the following checklist by adding a last line:
- A pipe smoker named Maxwell Dine,
said, "AMPHORA is the one smoke for me."
The others I've tried
Left the unsavory taste of

3. Include with your entry, the first round of your AMPHORA pouch of the gold tin
inquirer inside (in the envelope) and the second round of the gold tin inquirer
inside (in the envelope) and the second round of the gold tin inquirer inside (in the envelope).
4. Enter as often as you like. Each entry must be mailed separately and postmarked by
March 31, 1971 and received no later than April 7, 1971. All entries become the property
of Globe-Etats, Inc.
5. Judgment of the best entry shall be made by independent qualified judges whose decision
shall be final and their judgment will be based upon the theme of the crown, which
will be the unique quality and taste of the product, leaving no room for the following
criteria:
6. For originality of thought Entries shall not be considered original if a "reworked"
entry is submitted. Entries shall be considered original if a "reworked" entry is submitted
and originality and shall be written as an attempt to create an advertising slogan
for AMPHORA, Tobacco.
7. Entries shall be judged on the basis of the content shall be appropriate and stay within
the above mentioned theme of the AMPHORA. All entries shall be clear and legible.
8. Only one prize to a family. Cash substitution or exchanges cannot be permitted. Last-
in-first-out basis shall be used for the prize selection of the individual winners.
9. Contest open to all smokers of the United States over 21 years of age, except employ-
ees of DOUGLASS EOBERTS, INC., an advertising agency and the judging organization.
10. Send your entries to the address below. All entries must be accompanied by a
winner's certificate to be mailed by mail. A list of major prize winners will be available to
anyone writing a stamped, self-addressed envelope to AMPHORA WINNERS LIST.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Mail to: Amphora "CONNOISSEUR'S CHOICE" Contest, P.O. Box 369, New York, New York 10046. Complete the following line by adding a last line.

A page smoker named Maxwell Deen, said, "AMPHIPHIL'S (he can smoke for me. The others I've tried left me unsatisfied."

Chast. Jene mami rihvne wala 'me''

Include with this entry the front panel from any AMPHORA pouch or the gold bag fastener from inside an AMPHORA container.

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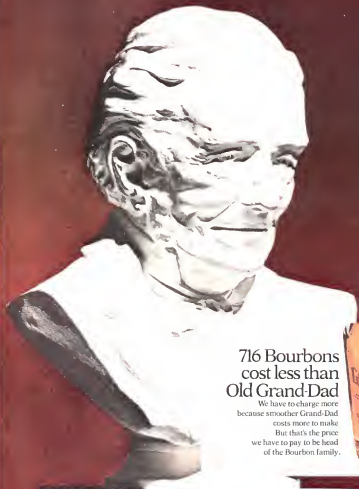
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But that's the price
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of the Bourbon family.



Old Grand-Dad
Head of the Bourbon Family

'Dear Parnelli: Well, about time. Henry Ford II'

Auto racing's best-known Jones boy won a big race—and a championship—for a gentleman who does not like to get beat

There is a saying in the state of Washington that goes: "If you can see Mt. Rainier, that means it's going to rain; if you can't see Mt. Rainier, that means it is raining." An old but reasonably funny line. No doubt the mountain is there, poised in snow-capped majesty to the heavens and all that, but last weekend, during preparations for the Kent 200, the next to last event of the year's increasingly prestigious and frantic Trans-American championship, it was not to be seen (and it did rain a lot). The mountain was an illusion, wrapped in a continuous swirling mist that hid its reality from all who sought it.

Likewise, much of what goes on during a race weekend is illusory. Realities are hidden in a fog of false rumors, grandiose pronouncements, backslaps and radiant smiles. This year's Trans-American events, and especially Sunday's race at Seattle International Raceway, located just east of Kent and about 35 miles from downtown Seattle, have been no exception. Since its start in 1966 the Trans-Am has gained the reputation of being a neat little series providing Detroit with an opportunity to show off its muscle cars—Javelins, Camaros, Mustangs and the like—giving a new lease on competitive driving to semi-retired drivers such as Parnelli Jones and Dan Gurney, and permitting young upstarts such as Swede Savage and Sam Posey to show off before their elders. And all the while a good time is supposed to be had by all. Early in the week on a television talk show, Ronnie Bucknum, a Dodge Challenger driver, allowed as how he was happy to be in the Seattle area and looked forward to having a swell time. That summed up the surface Trans-Am spirit, underneath it was something else.

Thanks to the heaviest factory-supported participation so far—five teams and up to 10 drivers—this year's series has turned into a gut competition in



IN SEATTLE PIT PARNELLI RUBS SHOULDERS WITH TEAMMATE GEORGE FOLLMER

which the reputations of drivers, team managers, racing organizations and the factories themselves can be made or broken at the whim of a missed shift or burned-out bearing. The competition has been so close that going into the Kent race five different drivers and three different makes of cars had won at least one of the previous nine events, and even the two factories that had not won, Dodge and Plymouth, had more than justified their presence by either winning the pole or leading.

Factory support, however, is not as dependable as Washington rain. As Mark Donohue, who has won 19 Trans-Am races in the past three seasons, said, "A lot of jobs are riding on the outcome of this race." His was hardly among them, but a brief rundown of each factory's efforts to date gives an indication of just how tenuous some of those jobs might be for, say, next year:

Ford. It is difficult to feel sorry for any Ford Motor Company racing program. In a pinch Henry II has seemingly always been willing to appropriate the money and hire the drivers necessary to mount a winning effort. After

the first four races this year, Ford had a perfect score of four firsts, three by Parnelli Jones and one by George Follmer, and 36 points.

But after the race at Mid-Ohio on June 7, Ford went winless and at Kent its lead suddenly seemed very vulnerable. The cheeky Javelins of Roger Penske had won three of five races and had crept to within 11 points. Suddenly Ford found itself in a very tight position. Trans-Am Manager Fran Hernandez even brought a third car and early rumors had first A. J. Foyt, then Cale Yarborough, driving it to insure that *somebody* got some points. The rumors proved false, and by race time it was obvious that Jones and Follmer had regained a measure of control. Using special Firestone qualifying tires, they drew first blood when they won the pole and the third spot on the starting grid.

American Motors. In 1968 and 1969 Penske and Donohue swept the Trans-Am series with Chevrolet Camaros, Penske doing the thinking, Donohue the driving. This year Penske jumped ship and signed a three-year racing contract with American Motors for approximately

continued

ly \$2 million. He brashly announced he would win seven races, and the series, for his new employers. "This is the greatest challenge I've ever had in racing," he said. It has certainly been that. In the first four events oil-pickup problems cost him a whole bunch of engines, and Donohue and co-driver Peter Revson managed just 16 points to Ford's 36. Then at Bridgehampton on June 21 the tide turned. Donohue went on his streak of three victories, added a second at Watkins Glen in mid-August, and Javelin was within striking range of Ford, 60 points to 49. Suddenly, Ford was getting the sympathy vote. Win or lose at Kent (and in the season's finale at Riverside on Oct. 4), Penske and Donohue could be well satisfied with their year's efforts, but if Ford should somehow lose the championship to Chevrolet, Dearborn would be draped in mourning, along with Hernandez and Team Manager Bud Moore.

Chevrolet. When Penske and Donohue went to Javelin, Tegan Jim Hall

took over the Camaro operation. He now probably wishes he had stuck with the Chaparral. General Motors, as everybody knows, isn't *actively* involved in racing, but has somehow attained a performance image through the success of its Can-Am engines, the Corvette sports car and, up to this year, its Trans-Am Camaros. However, until Brush import Vic Elford, better known for his endurance sports car driving, brought home a Camaro first at the Glen in the season's ninth race, Chevrolet had had only one other first-place finish. It has been a disappointing year, and the chances are good Chevrolet will not return to the Trans-Am next year with factory encouragement of any kind.

Chrysler. By far the most intriguing situation exists within the Chrysler camp. It has fielded two teams all season—Plymouth Barracudas prepared by Dan Gurney's All American Racers and Dodge Challengers prepared by Ray Caldwell's Autodynamics—but between them the highest finish was a second by

Swede Savage at Elkhart Lake two months ago. Chrysler started late. It did not firmly commit itself to a Trans-Am program until November 1966, and there was barely enough time to put the cars together, let alone race them, before the season opened in April. Originally each team was to run two cars, but during the first week in May Chrysler cut each operation in half.

Autodynamics already had one driver, 26-year-old Sam Posey, and had reached a tentative agreement with Elford to drive the second car. Goodbye, Vic. At AAR, the drivers were Gurney and Savage. Gurney gave the one available car to his 24-year-old protégé, and Savage put it on the pole three times.

At Kent the pressure was obviously building for Chrysler to do something more than pole-sit. The reason was simple. Chrysler will probably go with just one Trans-Am team next year, and both Autodynamics and AAR want the contract. "It's like musical chairs," said Posey. "There are just so many good

continued

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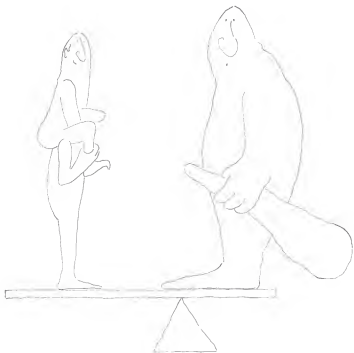
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Now we're the country's leading independent producer of newsprint and containerboard.

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Now we have more financial strength than either Great Northern or Nekoosa could have developed on their own.

Our cash flow is \$50 million a year. Our assets, \$430 million. Our sales, \$340 million.

All of which means we have more muscle to get more things done.

Now we can put more money in the segments of our business that are growing fastest. Or returning more on the dollar.

We can also get more things done sooner. Like a new mill on stream faster.

Or a new machine installed in

a new mill this year instead of next.

Leverage can help us move in many directions.

Especially up.

If you'd like to find out more about us, write to Peter Paine, Chairman of the Board, Great Northern Nekoosa, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036.

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Made in Holland by Theodorus Niemeijer  Holland's leading tobacco blender since 1819. Available in handy pocket pouches and larger size export tins.

MOTOR SPORTS continued

rules available." And usually three or four more drivers than good rides.

The possibilities, just within Chrysler, are many. It is strongly rumored (ah, that most again) that Gurney, who at 39 has become a sort of trackside elder statesman, will soon retire from all competitive racing, perhaps at the end of this year. If AAR gets the nod, that would leave the No. 2 spot open on the Plymouth team. Would it go to Posey?

If Posey, or his second driver imported for the final two races, Ronnie Bucknam, should win, or even do obviously better than Gurney or Savage, would Autodynames get the job, and Posey with it? "A driver on the way up has to keep his momentum," said Posey. "The world is filled with drivers who almost made it." Savage is probably more secure than Posey, a fact Posey is very much aware of, and Sam's primary goal at Kent was not to win the race, but to beat AAR.

With that background, the Kent 200 became more than just another race, and qualifying, held on a course that ranged from damp to wet, gave only a slight indication of what was to come. Jones showed that the Fords had a horsepower superiority when he turned in a time of 1:25.5 (some 95 mph) over the 2.25-mile course to grab the pole. He was 0.8 seconds faster than Donohue. But between Donohue and the sixth car, Elford's Camaro, there was a margin of just 0.7 seconds. The race promised to be lively, but thanks to Jones the promise was unfulfilled.

Driving superbly in a superior car, Jones jumped off to an early lead which, except for a surprise stop for tires on his 20th lap and a routine pit stop later in the day, he held with ease. The final margin, over Donohue, of just under 40 seconds could have been more if he had not eased off the throttle late in the race to conserve fuel. His victory, of course, clinched the Trans-Am championship for Ford's Mustangs. It was their third.

Next to Jones, the happiest driver of the day was Sam Posey. He finished a well-beaten third but picked up valuable points in his personal duel with AAR. Gurney blew an engine on the 14th lap of the 90-lap event and Savage went under, with a sick gearbox and a dead engine, in the last 12 laps. That gave Dodge 18 points and Plymouth 12. By the end of the day ML Rainerer still was not to be seen, and the Trans-Am must continue to swirl.

END



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In one bright day in the summer of 1970, shortly after Montreal had obtained the 1976 Olympics but in the months just before the city annexed Vermont and then acquired the Vatican to place up on Mont-Royal (the Orange Bowl, after all, seemed so lonely up there with only the Bolshoi Ballet and the Ganges River for company), the mayor of Montreal sat in City Hall and faced down another skeptic. This he does with aplomb, for it is a whole world of skeptics that the mayor endures, and thus he has much practice in the endeavor. The mayor's working philosophy is: "Problems are solved en route," and, of course, since Vietnam this is not the most popular mode of operation everywhere. The mayor is not deterred.

Having warmed up at some length, he waves for effect and declares: "The Olympics will do even more for Montreal than Expo '67. Seventy-six is only a target, and we won't stop. Seventy-six is the means, not the end. Sixty-seven was just taking us into orbit, but the Olympics will *continue*

RUN IT UP THE FLAGPOLE, JOHNNY



*When Jean Drapeau, the
mayor of Montreal, first
unfurled some of
his grandiose schemes the world
snickered. But now with
Expo, big-league baseball
and the Olympics
safely in hand His Honor
is accepting salutes
by FRANK DEFORD*

take us to the moon [he waves], to Mars! I feel it! I feel it! And I'm not wrong when I feel as strongly as this. There is no challenge too big for Montreal, because, like the Olympics, we are acting with the spirit of Baron de Coubertin, we are acting in a humanistic way. The city possesses an environment, an ambience that can be felt. "Montreal is en route to becoming *The City* of the world. Twenty years from now, no matter what happens, it will have achieved this position, and it will be referred to in all parts of the world as *The City*."

Now make no mistake, the mayor of *The (incipient) City* is a politician. His office is testament to that. There is the portrait of Queen Elizabeth juxtaposed with a crucifix. There are the flowers that adorn the room in bunches, while nestled among them is the mayor's 125-pound bull mastiff, Duc, whose elegiac face does not betray the fact that he could eat for lunch, if he were so disposed, all the flowers, the artifacts and the entire Quebec separatist movement. But if the symbols around the man add up to a balanced display, there is no compromise in the mayor. Charles Brouillette, vice-president of Seagrams, Ltd. and chairman of the baseball Expos, observes: "However much he sounds it, the mayor is never a backster. He is altogether sincere. He has drives that are unusual and dreams that others of us cannot understand."

This means that when the mayor says Montreal is going to sprint ahead and leave crossroads like Paris and New York back with *Terre Haute*, he is not putting you on. He means it. Also, all those enigmatic celestial references to the Olympics are not being emitted just for flattery effect. It is worth recalling that at about this same point in the planning stage for Expo '67, the mayor had already decided to make a permanent exposition of it—though he neglected to let anyone else in on this revelation for some time. Expo '67 is now *Man and His World* and is still drawing people to Montreal.

After a certain amount of watching *His Honor*, one instinctively recalls what Cassius Clay used to say after various correct predictions: "If I tell you a fly

can pull a plow, hitch him up!" The mayor brought a world's fair to Montreal in record time after Moscow reneged on the project. He lured major league baseball into expanding outside the U.S., and happily watched the team prosper and even play well amid predictions of financial and artistic calamity. He took the Olympics away from the U.S. and Russia and left another world power, personified by Charles de Gaulle, put down in a stunning speech after De Gaulle had suggested French Canada might want to, more or less, separate itself from Canada. He built a cultural palace and a subway system in a world where nobody constructs anything that lasts. With a sprinkle of flowers and trees on almost every street, he encouraged a greenhouse of a town to bloom in a place that had been another kind of house for the whole Western world.

The mayor's name is Jean Drapeau. He is small, slight and utterly nondescript except for a silly little mustache, the kind that looked good on Charlie Chaplin. This deceptive appearance assists him when he carries the banner of Montreal into battle against the other cities of the world, for opponents are easily lulled by the mayor's benign countenance. Sometime in this decade, after the Olympic stadium is built, Drapeau surely will try to bag an NFL expansion franchise for Montreal. And when he does, it would be advisable for the U.S. contenders to forget about the visual impression of the bald little guy with the stage mustache and consider the name behind it. Jean Drapeau translates into English as Johnny Flag, a name which rings with the verve and accomplishment that the mayor genuinely possesses. You could see it anywhere and know you were up against something special: **STARTING JOHNNY FLAG. JOHNNY FLAG RETAINS TITLE. HERE COMES JOHNNY FLAG.** Next week, on the *Johnny Flag Show*. **OTHER ASTRONAUTS HAIL JOHNNY FLAG.**

The United States and Canada share the longest unguarded border in the world, but nobody down here has learned to contend with the mayor of Montreal, probably because all along people thought he was just somebody named

Jean Drapeau. However, if in a single episode a man can beat Los Angeles and Moscow, win the residual affection of Avery Brundage and absolutely guarantee all the people of the Dominion of Canada that the '76 Olympics will not cost them one cent—then you are dealing with somebody named Johnny Flag.

Los Angeles came into the Olympic fray in September 1968 and, like all good Americans, the Angelenos set out to overwhelm and outspend everybody. The Los Angeles 1976 Olympic Committee was set up in a downtown business suite. It was headed by a multimillionaire real-estate man, and he could call on a committee of civic leaders from law, manufacturing, politics, journalism, public relations and the government. There was a working staff to supplement this force. At Mexico City, Los Angeles gave a brunch fashion show that 350 attended, and Mayor Sam Yorty hosted another reception for 700. Unfortunately, only 70 IOC delegates have votes, but L.A. surely had the caterers' bloc. By May 1970 Los Angeles was able to go to the IOC meeting in Amsterdam boasting that it had a majority of votes; the 1976 Olympics would be in Los Angeles. Curiously, Moscow also claimed a majority.

The Muscovites had taken a different, if predictable, tack. First of all, Moscow did not want to get into the site competition unless it felt sure it would win. This is an old Russian habit. So feelers went out to various Russian consulates and embassies around the world in an effort to find out how the IOC delegates from the countries would vote. It was not a subtle polling—for either party—and many delegates played along and told the Russians whatever they wanted to hear. The word drifted back to Russia: we've got a majority, so go for it. Moscow applied for the Games late in 1969 and was so sure of success that just before the final vote Tass leaked a bulletin that Moscow was the winner. Within a few hours the Russians learned all about the vagaries of the secret ballot.

Opposing a Communist bureaucracy on the one hand and the capitalist giants of Southern California on the other, Montreal decided upon an informal policy. Essentially, the city's Olympic of-

continued

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like a cigarette should.

2.

You mean...
as a cigarette
should.

3.

What do you want,
good grammar
or good taste?

4.

Let's choose sides
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Javelin's win at Kingsport makes 6 out of 7 wins in NASCAR
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In second place, a lap behind, was a Cougar.

A Firebird came in third and a Camaro finished fourth.

The top Mustang finished in eighth place.

Meanwhile, Mark Donohue and the Javelin have become consistent winners in Trans-Am road racing, winning three out of the last five races.

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buy one that's going places.**

■ American Motors

fices were located in the fedora of His Honor. Drapeau worked with one esteemed associate, Gerry Snyder, the vice-chairman of the Montreal executive committee, who had served in a similar vital role with the National League. Aside from Snyder, Drapeau would just temporarily conscript any city employees he needed for a special task. Beyond that, he vamped.

Montreal's '76 Olympic effort began at 7:30 in the morning of April 27, 1966, the day after the '72 Games had been awarded to Munich. Drapeau was upset, even humiliated at the defeat, and may even then have sensed a flaw in his presentation—he had been too aggressive, pressed too hard. Drapeau routed Snyder out of bed, and they both hustled down to the lobby of their hotel and said a gracious goodbye to the departing delegates.

In the next four years the quiet courting ritual continued—at Expo, in Mexico City, at other IOC meetings, at the homes of the delegates. Drapeau and Snyder served the cause virtually by themselves and thus were able to make very accurate judgments as to true delegate intentions. They did not count a vote just because it was promised.

Before the voting at Amsterdam last May, Drapeau estimated Montreal would get 25 to 28 votes on the first ballot, and, after the city with the fewest votes was eliminated (which he figured to be Los Angeles), he predicted that Montreal would win on the second ballot with 37 to 44 of the 70 votes. He was on target. On the first ballot it was Moscow 28, Montreal 25, L.A. 17. Then Montreal won the day 41-28 over Moscow (with one abstention). This also served to remove Vancouver from consideration as host of the '76 Winter Games—the IOC is loth to award both Olympics to the same country—so Denver won a consolation prize for the U.S.

The mayor of Vancouver, Tom Campbell, who is something of a young version of Drapeau and is known as Tom Terrific, admitted with admiration: "It was obvious that Drapeau knew the political intrigues and climate better than the rest of us." The head of the Canadian Olympic Association, Harold

continued

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JOHNNY *continued*

Wright, was just as stunned. "The only one there who wasn't surprised was Drapeau," he said.

Drapeau does admit now, however, that Moscow threw a last-round fright into him, for he grew alarmed that the delegates would suddenly develop missionary zeal and start getting visions of the Olympic torch burning the path of freedom on a crusade to Moscow. As a counterpunch, Drapeau had worked up a good act that he could go into at a moment's notice about how *politics must be kept out of the Olympics*. He had this bit handy because it had long been in his repertoire, ready to be trotted out whenever it seemed a delegate might be moved by the fact that 1976 was the 200th anniversary of the United States.

While casting the opposition as political gluttons, Drapeau began to characterize Montreal as no less than the municipal extension of the *Original Amateur Hour*. Montreal began to emerge as the embodiment of the Olympic ideal. Since so many necessary facilities had been constructed for Expo, Drapeau emphasized that Montreal could concentrate on the "spiritual" aspects of the Games. A prospectus to the IOC declared unashamedly: "In extending its invitation, Montreal is simply seeking the privilege of serving mankind." Drapeau also took to referring frequently and with authority to Baron de Coubertin, the man who inspired the modern Olympics. Even now Drapeau casually cites "the Baron" at such regular intervals that one begins to assume De Coubertin must be in the next room, reading up on old high-jump records in the AAU handbook.

Drapeau had hardly heard of the Olympics until he stumbled onto an IOC exhibition in 1963, but by now his coincidental discovery of the venture is cloaked in an aura of conversion. "I never practiced any sport," he declares. "I may be the only one who came to sport through the spiritual force of the Olympics. I discovered Olympicism in 1963." When the Games were awarded to Montreal, he cried: "Grandiose, grandiose. We were much in need of the spiritual force that is constituted by Olympicism. God knows, Canada and the

rest of the world need spiritual forces."

Despite spiritualism and preparation, Montreal might still have lost the Games but for a spectacular grand finale by Drapeau. Los Angeles always held one trump: it had produced a financially successful Olympics during the Depression of '32. Both Moscow and Montreal were economically suspect. Moscow had backed out of its promise to host the World's Fair that eventually became Expo '67. Montreal was allegedly busted by that endeavor; it was known that the city seemed \$27 million short at the end of the previous fiscal year. Under these circumstances, somebody on the IOC decided it would be prudent to ask the competing cities exactly what they could absolutely guarantee for the organization of the Games.

Sam Yorty, the mayor of Los Angeles, was born and bred for this kind of bribe push. After all, it's only money. He told the assembled delegates that \$40 million was an absolute guarantee. Mayor Vladimir Promyslov of Moscow got wind of that, and, feeling no pain since the vote was supposed to be in the bag anyway, upped the ante to \$45 million. And here comes Johnny Flag.

Entering the room accompanied by the spirit of his friend, the Baron, Drapeau accepted the confrontation and responded with one of the supreme rhetorical adventures in modern Montreal history.

"I began," Drapeau recalls, "by telling them that with all due respect to the members present, no city had ever before been asked for a financial guarantee, and the committee had never made a wrong choice of cities. I pointed out that such a guarantee was harmful, that it was not in the spirit of the Baron's Olympism." And then Drapeau looked them square in the face and declared: "The history of Montreal is our guarantee. It is a history of meeting and beating challenges. That is our guarantee. If there is any doubt you have about Montreal, then . . . do . . . not . . . choose . . . us." The IOC, spitting \$45 million in the eye, broke into spontaneous applause. The Baron bowed his head and wept quietly. The vote that followed was suddenly a formality. Montreal may or may

not have won anyway, but when asked today what brought the Games to Montreal, one U.S. IOC member sums it up as "Drapeau's personality—and that speech he made."

Drapeau returned home to hosannas. Whole pages of the daily papers were filled with advertisements saying little more than "You've done it again." The skeptics who remained were out hitching up plows to flies, and there were very few skeptics. When Drapeau had won his last term in 1966, his fourth, he got 94% of the vote. His only competition, such as it was, had come from a chiropractor and a female salesclerk.

Drapeau's hold on the populace is all the more noteworthy because it comes in a period when municipal office is generally a stigma to be avoided. The problems in Montreal are just as serious as those that U.S. communities face. The city is bathed in red ink. There are high unemployment rates. There is not enough low-cost housing. A family of five on welfare must get by on \$190 a month. When Drapeau opened a plush restaurant in the Windsor Hotel last autumn with a standard seven-course dinner for two coming to about \$40, it was estimated that 25% of the citizens of the area were subsisting just at or below the poverty level. Moreover, migrants from rural Quebec and the Maritime Provinces continue to flood a city that cannot support them.

Montreal is an island surrounded by the polluted St. Lawrence River. Only 3% of Montreal's sewage is processed, and there is even more raw sewage floating down from the rest of La Belle Province. The petroleum refineries in the east end of town assault the city with smells that not even New Jersey would accept. The police went on strike for higher wages one day last fall when Drapeau was in St. Louis, and the whole city was at the mercy of looters for 16 frightening hours.

Beyond all that, the city and province have forever seethed with internal ethnic conflict, French vs. English, the "gorfs" (frogs spelled backwards) against the Maudits Anglais. There is a radical French separatist movement, and no one identified with the Anglos is

safe. Drapeau's house was bombed last Sept. 29, mercifully with no loss of life.

Moreover, as is the case everywhere, the suburbs will not throw in their better lot with the core city. Property taxes in Montreal went up 23% in 1968. Yet with this rather impressive, if familiar, litany of urban problems lying at Drapeau's feet, no one seems likely to mount a serious challenge against him when he runs for re-election next month. It is hardly possible even to imagine a serious challenge. And one of the reasons surely is the creuses Drapeau has brought to his city.

Always but a hairbreadth from anonymity, or worse, and beset with myriad worries, it is not surprising that mayors have begun to turn to sports and entertainment to establish at least some association with the more pleasant aspects of metropolitan life. They have had something of a field day ever since major league sports started spotting franchises around like so many A & W Root Beer stands. The first of this breed was Baltimore's Tommy D'Alessandro III, who was vitally instrumental in obtaining the St. Louis Browns for his city in 1954. While many mayors have since emulated D'Alessandro's franchise collecting, none ever approached the status that Drapeau assumed in 1968. That summer the National League virtually awarded a franchise to him for Montreal. This is, of course, unheard of in sports; franchises are only awarded to men with folding money. But the National League, exercising unusual sagacity, just handed the thing to Drapeau and figured he would come up with something.

Drapeau and Snyder started calling around for 10% owners, which took awhile, and then began searching for a stadium, which took till past the 11th hour. What they came up with at last was Jarry Park, a temporary structure that was built, in the dead of the Canadian winter, for \$3 million. What it turned out to be is one of the two or three best places in the major leagues to watch a baseball game, and it makes the city a profit.

Of course, Drapeau can only share credit with the hearty people of Montreal. "It seems," says John McHale,

continued

the president of the Expos and a man who has resided in several U.S. cities, "that the people work harder here so that they can enjoy their free time. They have an unusual zest for leisure. The winters are so long that they may feel the need to rush their activities when good weather comes. I can look out my window onto Dominion Square on the days when the buds are first coming out and the temperature is just hitting 40°, and the benches will be filled with people sunning themselves."

In the winter Montrealers never leave a seat empty for Les Canadiens, but they also sell out for Junior A hockey in the same building and at smaller arenas all over the city. The harness horses at Blue Bonnets Raceway get three weeks' rest around Christmas; otherwise the mutual windows never shut. But summer is the siren song, which is why Expo thrived, and why baseball's Expos do, too. At midday, any day, Montrealers sprawl out on the ground all over the pocket parks of the city, sunning shamelessly. Many of the women, big-eyed and leggy, take lunch hour to hurry home, change into a bathing suit and sun on a rooftop. It is not uncommon for whole families to leave after work Friday and drive 400 miles straight through to the New Jersey beaches for a weekend. There are probably more tanned bodies in Montreal in the summer than in Santa Barbara, Calif.

Montreal long and deliberately resisted joining the United States. It is only 40 miles from the Vermont border and would have been an attractive addition, for it had been the commercial metropolis of New France virtually since 1611 when Champlain established a trading post on the island site. American colonists were first repulsed trying to take the French city in 1691 during King William's War, and again in 1709 during Queen Anne's War. Montreal finally capitulated to the British forces of General Jeffrey Amherst in 1760, a year after the fate of all of New France was settled downriver on the Plains of Abraham.

The colonists to the south soon came to look to Montreal and Quebec as potential allies, particularly after Britain's

repressive Quebec Act of 1774. A colonial force under General Richard Montgomery occupied Montreal on Nov. 13, 1775, but he and General Benedict Arnold (still playing it straight) were defeated a few weeks later at Quebec City, and our colonies then gave up military persuasion. They were not through, though. Benjamin Franklin, whose successes with the French are well documented on several levels of diplomacy and charm, and Charles Carroll of Maryland, the most prominent Catholic layman in the U.S., were dispatched to Montreal to try to talk the city into joining the rebels. They failed, too, but still the colonies did not give up. The Articles of Confederation, published in 1777, unconditionally welcomed Canada into the new union, while any other territory required nine votes for acceptance. Canada said thanks, but no.

Thus, while the Americans hung together to fight England, the Canadians were content to fuss with the devils within, French and English. It was not until 1837 that Montreal's Sons of Liberty were formed to protest quixotic British rule, and Montreal must surely be the first Olympic host to have an Olympic tradition older than its nation.

The Dominion was established in 1867, whereas in August 1844 something called the Montreal Olympic Games had been held. These activities featured about a dozen events, including jumping, running, shooting, throwing a cricket ball, wheelbarrow racing and climbing a pole. The games, by contemporary accounts, would hardly have pleased Avery Brundage. The one-mile walking race was "not decided on account of alleged irregularity on the part of the two foremost competitors," and, heaven forbid, there was also a display of abject professionalism. In the game of lacrosse, "a purse of \$10 was made up for the winners among the spectators, who appeared highly gratified by the agility displayed." Whether Mayor Drapeau has disclosed this intemperance to the Baron is not known. These games were also fairly private. An Indian "glorifying in the mellifluous name of Oposateka" did get a second in the 400-yard run, but there is no evidence that any Amer-

icans or other foreigners competed.

By this time the U.S. had stopped attacking Montreal, and the border was not to be regularly violated again until Prohibition, when the city became an informal U.S. port of entry for booze. Repeat did not help the Montreal economy, but the city continued to thrive as a spoils of sorts. It became known for licentiousness and was so wide open that much of the city, the largest in the land, was off limits to the Canadian army in World War II.

Drapeau, an unknown Montreal lawyer, came to prominence as a vice buster, and this carried him into the mayor's office in 1954 at the age of 38. He was defeated for re-election in '57 but returned to win again in '60, at which point he prompted the election of a dour huberdasher named Lucien Saulnier to the chair of the city's executive committee. Saulnier has been at his right ever since, and, in fact, the city government is most commonly referred to as the Drapeau-Saulnier Administration.

Usually portrayed by cartoonists as an undertaker, Saulnier is a fine sort of fellow for any mayor to have around. He handles all the daily drudgery and reports all the bad news, including his plan to retire from the city government this fall. How much Drapeau will miss his other half in preparing for the Olympics becomes a substantial question, for the two men had an excellent working relationship. "The mayor conceives with brilliance," says Robert Shaw, vice-president of McGill University, "but Saulnier executes with an equal amount of brilliance. All things considered, I would say that Saulnier is the best businessman I ever saw." The two men have come to anticipate, support, respect and quite like each other, even though both retain a certain private air. In 10 years of close contact, each continues to refer to the other as Mr. Mayor and Mr. Chairman. Saulnier's existence and his special lighting-rod function have provided Drapeau with leverage that no U.S. mayors have. He can pursue the spectacular without concern that his whole city will collapse in his absence.

Drapeau is also aided by the fact that, in Canada, municipal governments are

not affiliated with national parties. Nobody even knows whether Drapeau votes Liberal or Conservative, and both parties have asked him to consider higher offices. The best guess is that he is probably a Conservative. Certainly, he tends toward a conservative view; he might best be described as a traditionalist. He is a firm believer in public morality and private rights. He is suspicious of public welfare, feeling it erodes individual dignity. His personal honesty has never been questioned, "but," adds a friend, "he is unscrupulous on behalf of the city."

In sum, Drapeau is a man whose opinions are supplementary to his drive and vision. "Mayors are elected to do things, not to form committees that report back in compromise after two or three years," he says. "Look at this piece of paper. [It is white.] If a committee was assembled to report on it, and all sorts of viewpoints were included to prove that there was no bias, the committee would examine all the opinions and then compromise and report that the paper was gray. I don't need a committee to spend three years and tell me this paper is gray. I can decide that for myself. I don't need anyone to help me go wrong. I am

quite capable of going wrong by myself, without all that cost and compromising."

Despite the mayor's accomplishments, there is a growing body of thought that he is blinded by glamour projects and is neglecting the city's more pressing, if mundane, needs. "He has been an asset to the city," says David Molsen, president of the *Canadiens*, "but he is becoming carried away by the grandeur, by his dream of putting Montreal on the map. There is a question in my mind as to whether these things are truly important today."

For many years one of Drapeau's main critics has been City Councillor Frank Hanley, 61, a former jockey and perennial gadfly. He represents a large, polyglot district and greets his constituents, many of them poor, from a storefront office. Bubbles, a hairdresser from down the street, is on hand to make coffee for guests. Hanley reflexively conducts business and dispenses salutations to all passers-by as he rails intently—but nearly pleasantly—at the mayor and his schemes. "I was for Expo at first," Hanley says. "I was for Expo because I thought they would clean out the slums and help the people, instead of making

a monster on those islands out in the water."

"These people in my district are undernourished, they can't get jobs, they don't have housing. So the mayor and the wheelers and dealers just give them more pie in the sky. Now, the subway has been good for everybody. And so has the baseball. The French people love it. And it's good revenue. But the Olympics?" Hanley lowers his head and in chagrin adds: "You know, I voted for the Olympics in Council. I thought they'd last six months. Even I couldn't believe that the mayor had a \$500 million gimmick for two weeks."

Drapeau and his supporters maintain that the improvements forced on a city by the Olympics live on long after the Games are gone and forgotten. In like manner, for instance, the main legacy of Expo is a subway and road system that have left Montreal perhaps the most traffic-free large city in the world. Nevertheless, the Olympics specifically strike many as the worst kind of extravagance, since they seem increasingly anachronistic, inconsistent in content and form and even hypocritical.

Why, it is asked, in this day of easy jet travel and TV must all events be crammed into one city? Why must a stadium holding 80,000 be constructed when it is filled only twice—for opening and closing ceremonies—and when it becomes an instant white elephant? Why must a conspicuously luxurious village costing well over \$100 million be built to house athletes for a mere fortnight? "It is true," says Frank Walker, editor-in-chief of *The Montreal Star*, "that it will eventually be utilized for public housing, but there is something disturbing about the people of a city waiting on visiting athletes to get a good roof over their heads."

Certainly, it seems that some concessions to economy must be made for Montreal '76 and all future Games. Even the IOC is finding it increasingly difficult to maintain an amateur and apolitical posture at a time when it routinely expects cities to outlay half a billion dollars or so. Montreal Columnist John Robertson has suggested that the Olympics could be cared for in college dorm-

continued



Gerry Snyder, the mayor's man-about-town, and Jerry Park, a Drapeau-Snyder creative



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JOHNNY

monitors that will be standing nearly idle when the Games are held late in July. Drapeau himself is apparently exploring stadium plans that might surprise the IOC. Friends of the mayor say that he has found a loophole: that the requirement for the stadium is that it must hold 80,000, not seat 80,000.

Already there is a hint of serious trouble if real frugality is not exercised. Bruce Kidd, the Canadian Olympic distance runner, wrote recently in the *Toronto Star*: "Drapeau's plans for the Games indicate a deliberate preference for political monuments rather than social betterment. If his Games' preparations further drain an already inadequate budget for social services, a lot of angry citizens are going to picket the Games."

Unfortunately, Drapeau does not refute these arguments well, tending to fall back on generalities. "In 15 to 20 years," he says, "there will be no more depressed and deteriorated areas in the city. Montreal may be the first city in the world to be completely renovated." After winning the Games in Amsterdam, he blandly announced they would not cost Montrealers "one cent."

Somebody, though, is going to have to scare up around \$500 million, the estimated expense. Members of Canada's Parliament slammed their desks in glee when the good word came from Amsterdam, but Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau remains firmly on record that the federal government will provide Montreal no money. Western Canadians, still grumbling that they were dunned too much of the cost of Expo, will make it hard for Trudeau to reverse that stand. The province of Quebec is also promising nothing. Munich has utilized a weekly lottery to defray some of its \$400 million cost, but Drapeau has already had that horse shot out from under him. Finding out that a lottery was unconstitutional in Canada, he instituted something called Volontax, a so-called "voluntary tax" that was a lottery by any other name. Taxpayers the world over were given the joy of "participating financially in the expansion and progress of the Canadian metropolis," but the Supreme Court

ruled against his scheme last January.

Yet a man who can conceive a voluntary tax will think of something, and somehow, genuinely, money is not an overriding issue with the mayor. The decline of cities everywhere has been, ultimately, more of a fall from grace than from splendor. If people feel ashamed of a city, it will take more than conveniences to hold them. It is significant that what excites Drapeau about the subway system is not that it works but that the citizens of Montreal seem pleased to ride it. There is no guarantee that baseball, ballet, fairs and Olympics, any one of them, redeem urban life, but those are times of greater leisure, and there are even more idle hours ahead. A city cannot survive simply as a large barracks. The importance of Drapeau's success is that he grasps that fact and is moving forward on a path few mayors would risk today, but one that deserves close examination. It is not only after the '76 Olympics that Drapeau's achievements, and Montreal's reaction to them, should be assessed. The mayor and his city merit watching now.

Walker, who admits to being "churlish" toward Drapeau on occasion in the *Star*, nevertheless seems best to understand the essence of what the little mayor has given his city. "The truth," he says, "is that what he has done has made this one of the few pleasant cities left in this part of the world. You compare it to Toronto or many other places—one can sit down in this city. There is that small dignity and pleasure left for every citizen here. For the poor, that may seem to be insignificant, and it might not have a conscious meaning—I don't know—but I'm wondering whether it still has an unconscious meaning. Yes, just that you can sit down where you want, and it will be clean and there will be flowers and trees about you. In the long run, these things can become more important than the usual urban enterprises."

This is the kind of thinking the Baron himself would surely appreciate. Perhaps he discusses such issues with the mayor in the evening when he drops down to City Hall to say good night and see if Johnny Flag is up to anything new.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

NATIONAL LEAGUE EAST

As the Pirates, Mets and Cubs continued to make a race of it (page 16), dropout St. Louis' troubles could be traced directly to problems at home. The Cardinals had a better road record, 41-37, than any of the leaders, but their 31-44 home record was the worst in the division. The Cardinals, in fact, have done better away from town in each of the four full seasons they have occupied Busch Stadium. A bird on the road, one might say, is worth two in the Busch. "Red's throw, Harmon's bunt, Ryan's throw and the way Selma held Jeter out, that's the game in a nutshell," said PHILADELPHIA Manager Frank Lucchesi after the Phillies had edged the Pirates 3-2. Scott Reid, a rookie in right field, had cut down Gene Clines, one of the league's fastest runners, with a perfect throw in the eighth. Terry Harmon, called by Lucchesi "the National League's super utility man," had laid down a perfect pitch inside squeeze in the seventh for the winning run. Catcher Mike Ryan had thrown out John Jeter trying to steal second after a single in the ninth. And Selma had kept Jeter from getting a jump by doggedly throwing to first eight times. "Last year the Mets knew they could go on the field and beat us and they did," said MONTREAL Manager Gene Mauch. "Then Dan McGinn threw that shutout at Seaver and a little doubt crept in. Then Morton beat Seaver and a little more crept in. The Giants, the Reds, the Dodgers . . . they have some fear of us now."

PIT 32-30 CH 30-28 NY 23-24
STL 42-31 PHIL 30-23 MONT 37-30

NATIONAL LEAGUE WEST

"I couldn't care less who was that thing," said CINCINNATI's Bobby Tolan when asked whether he liked Pittsburgh, Chicago or New York in the other division. "That's their business." The Reds' business was losing four straight before Jim Stewart put on his brightly colored "elephant tie," which he wears when he thinks the Reds need a pick-up. Sure enough, the CRAVAT and Gary Nolan came through, and then at last, as the Reds' presumably slept at 2 a.m. in Atlanta, the division championship was clinched for them by LOS ANGELES—the Dodgers eliminated themselves with a loss on the Coast. When they awoke the Reds said they were pleased, but they were also worried about what they were going to do for pick-up once Nolan and the elephant had worked their turn. Rookie Wayne Simpson (14-3) is out for the year with a shoulder problem and 20-game winner Jim Merritt is trying to smooth out the kinks in his arm by playoff time. SAN FRANCISCO's Gaylord Perry had a 38-

inning scoreless streak going, and the Giants had a new late-season thing of their own: fighting to move up to second place for a change instead of dropping down to it. Henry Aaron, who said earlier in the year that Perry had beaten ATLANTA without a splitter, said, "He's throwing some pretty good ones now, but what's the use of complaining?" Joe Morgan of Houston, batting .270 for the season, figured he had sacrificed at least 20 of his points to Uncle Sam. "I lost 20 points the first week I came back from Reserve duty. I was hitting .279 and went down to .259. Add those 20 points and I'd be right near .300." Nate Colbert had 34 home runs for SAN DIEGO, prompting Padre Manager Preston Gomez to say, "This boy has a chance to hit .500 one of these seasons," but he also had a .251 batting average and 141 strikeouts, prompting Colbert himself to say, "This has been a lost season for me."

CIN 38-30 LA 33-33 SF 32-32
ATL 34-30 HOU 32-30 SD 30-34

AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST

THE BALTIMORE Orioles stepped off a bus in Washington to find themselves division champions—NEW YORK having given up the mathematical ghost against the Red Sox during the trip. The news set off a pregame celebration in which people were dipped into a big tub of champagne-cooling ice. "The reason I don't think it was as easy this year as last year," said Manager Earl Weaver, "is because we had to have three clubhouse meetings this time. Last year the number was two." Asked whether he was happy to have the season nearing its end, BOSTON Owner Tom Yawkey said, "Well, I can't see any reason for prolonging it, can you?" DETROIT's Al Kaline, on record as saying, "I wouldn't want to keep playing if I thought next year would be like this one," hit a two-run homer to help Mickey Lolich gain his 13th victory against 18 defeats. It meant that Lolich, who had had his heart set on 20 wins this year, probably won't lose 20 after all. Sam McDowell of CLEVELAND won his 20th, for the first time in his career, and said, "I'll never be the best pitcher ever—I'll never match Sandy Koufax. But I can earn more money." The sum McDowell is shooting for is \$200,000, and the thing he thinks keeps him from being the best is that "I just don't have total concentration. I don't mean total commitment, I try as hard as I can. But the truth is that on almost every pitch I say to myself, 'Should I throw this or should I throw that.' Actually I know I can get a batter out with any one of several pitches. But I still mull it over and over." Frank Howard of WASH-

INGTON, deep in his usual September slump, tied a major league record by striking out five consecutive times in one game. Fortunately, the Splendid Splinter's boys, batting under .200 for the week, had pinch-hitter Billy Gogolewski, with help from Darold Knowles, and Dick Bosman pitched two successive 2-0 shutouts over the Orioles.

BAL 36-34 NY 35-37 BOS 30-32
DET 28-28 CLE 24-25 WASH 22-31

AMERICAN LEAGUE WEST

MINNESOTA rehired Bill Rigney as manager for 1971 while the Twins forged steadily toward the division crown, thanks mainly to what Rigney calls the best bullpen he's ever had. Ron Perranoski tied his own major league record of 31 saves for the season and Stan Williams earned his 15th. After a two-game rest, Harmon Killebrew (two for 28) was back in the lineup. Explaining Killebrew's quick return, Rigney said: "I didn't want to get a punch in the nose. Harmon doesn't like to be out of the lineup." Charlie Finley of OAKLAND, after selling Tommy Davis to the Cubs and Mudcat Grant to the Pirates, said he had bought those fellows to finish first and didn't need them to finish second. Some of the A's muttered that the sales might cost them \$1,000—the difference between second- and third-place finishes—but then they beat the Angels two in a row, virtually assuring themselves of runner-up status. Clyde Wright of CALIFORNIA won his 21st game and pretty well established himself as Comeback Player of the Year. In 1969 Wright was 1 and 8. "No one in baseball history," Manager Lefty Phillips told Wright, "deserved to win 20 games more than you did. You've worked at your trade when others would have quit." The KANSAS CITY and MILWAUKEE ground crews battled to a tie (26.9 seconds) as their "Ground Prix" competition to see who could sweep the infield faster. Royals' Manager Bob Lemon paid tribute to the Kansas City crew: "We've had only two bad bounces all season." "We're a young crew," said Groundskeeper George Toman, "and we've tried." New manager Chuck Tanner said he had the answer to CINCINNATI's third-base problems: Bill Melton—who previously had been shifted from third to right field because he could not play third, despite his protests that he had been shifted from right field to third in the minors because he could not play right field—could return to third. Tanner said, if he would start shuffling his feet. Tanner's reasoning: Melton would then not be standing flat-footed at the moment of the pitch.

MINN 32-30 OAK 34-30 CAL 30-32
KC 33-30 MIL 33-31 CH 33-30

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—Denver Rockets rookie **RALPH SIMPSON** was named first in a 10-man team that in U.S. District Court to join the team's previous coaches, at least until Sept. 28 when the court decides the next sign of his legal dispute with the American Basketball Association. The ABA had ruled that Simpson had been signed illegally as a college sophomore.

BOATING—Officials upheld **INTERFLEX**'s claim that the non-Soviet boat the starting line in her second America's Cup race against *Green II*, adding an apparent American win and giving the U.S. a 2-2 lead in the biennial series at Newport (page 24).

BOXING—**LEOYD PATTERSON**, showing little of the form that made him twice heavyweight champion, came out of a 10-round fight against knocked out **Charlie (David) Lewis** in the 10th and last round at Madison Square Garden. Well ahead in points, the 35-year-old Patterson fought from the left hand with a knockout cut over his left eye.

FENCING—The defending champion **SOVIET UNION** repeated last year's triumph in the men's team foil matches of the world fencing championships at Antwerp, Belgium, winning 15 of 34 final matches.

FOOTBALL—**NFC** While **MINNESOTA** was celebrating for last season's Super Bowl loss at Kansas City (over 25), last-minute runner **Alan Hancock** kept it 34-17 **LION ATLANTA** Rams won over 31. Loss by returning the second-half kickoff 48 yards. So impressive was George Allen's Rams that Cardinal Coach Charley Weis said: "They could win 70% of their games under a coach like Weis." St. Louis' 19th pick, the greatest score, a 10-yarder to Lance Roney, countered **DALLAS** defense. Philadelphia 17-7. The **CHICAGO** Bears, with Gale Sayers and Dick Butkus, surprised again, crushed last year's veteran unit en route to dominating second-half play for a 24-16 victory over New York. A record crowd of 56,263 at newly expanded Lambeau Field saw **INDIANAPOLIS** defeat **DETROIT** 24-10. Quarterback Roy McElroy of the Packers' first stadium loss at home since 1949. The first, perhaps leading better days, at one point seemed a candidate for the sport's greatest punt. **ST. LOUIS** The **ATLANTA** Falcons drove 58 yards for the go-ahead touchdown in the tenth quarter after Ron (Duke) Johnson had failed to convert. From the line another yard score gave Atlanta a 16-10 win. **SAN FRANCISCO** showed sharp form in defeating Washington 38-17 and Greenback John Elway looked chances of all, completing 17 of 26 passes for 178 yards, and one touchdown to spoil the regular-season debut of Bill Allen, who succeeded Vince Lombardi at Redskin coach.

AFC As usual, **CINCINNATI** Coach Paul Brown was misreading the offense from the leading line this time. He came up with a beat, a 100-yard drive, 20 plays from the line, that strong line. Pittsburgh lost 24 yards and its, in-breaking leads down to the hunch-dumped Oakland 31-21. Terry Bradshaw, a veteran in progress, was a ball in Pittsburgh's league opener, and he spent the last quarter of the Steelers' 19-1 loss to **HOUSTON** leading backer **Quinten**. Terry Brown directed the offense to victory. Miami won, came down to earth as **KNOX** pulled a 27-14 upset. **Buffalo** by two scoring runs, by Earl Fautsch and Jim Nance, won 14-0. **MINNEAPOLIS** needed three field goals from kicker Jim O'Brien, including one with 56 seconds remaining, to offset John Elway's own touchdown passes for a 16-14 victory over San Diego. **Baltimore** 2-0. **Spartan** scored first but the Lions forced in the second half in **DETROIT** 20-22 (10 victory).

GOLF—As a leading **BRUCE DEVLEN** fired four sub-par rounds and led all the way for a tournament victory in the Abaco Golf and the Year championship in Port Antonio, Ireland. Devlen finished 10 under par at 278 in a winner the \$55,000.

Canadian **GEORGE KNUDSON** is a head-to-head battle with **Lois** after a tough 18-hole round and four sudden-death playoff holes on the final day, won the \$100,000 **Redstone** Open in Glen.

SAH **SNLAD** made up a favorite deficit in the afternoon round of a 36-hole final against Max Baughner of Britain for a 7-5 victory and the final World Professional Senior Golf championship.

NARRINE **BAKIN**—**FRESH** **YANKEE** 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 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3595, 3596, 3597, 3598, 3599, 3600, 3601, 3602, 3603, 3604, 3605, 3606, 3607, 3608, 3609, 3610, 3611, 3612, 3613, 3614, 3615, 3616, 3617, 3618, 3619, 3620, 3621, 3622, 3623, 3624, 3625, 3626, 3627, 3628, 3629, 3630, 3631, 3632, 3633, 3634, 3635, 3636, 3637, 3638, 3639, 3640, 3641, 3642, 3643, 3644, 3645, 3646, 3647, 3648, 3649, 3650, 3651, 3652, 3653, 3654, 3655, 3656, 3657, 3658, 3659, 3660, 3661, 3662, 3663, 3664, 3665, 3666, 3667, 3668, 3669, 3670, 3671, 3672, 3673, 3674, 3675, 3676, 3677, 3678, 3679, 3680, 3681, 3682, 3683, 3684, 3685, 3686, 3687, 3688, 3689, 3690, 3691, 3692, 3693, 3694, 3695, 3696, 3697, 3698, 3699, 3700, 3701, 3702, 3703, 3704, 3705, 3706, 3707, 3708, 3709, 3710, 3711, 3712, 3

Will your son pitch back-to-back shutouts like Jerry Koosman?

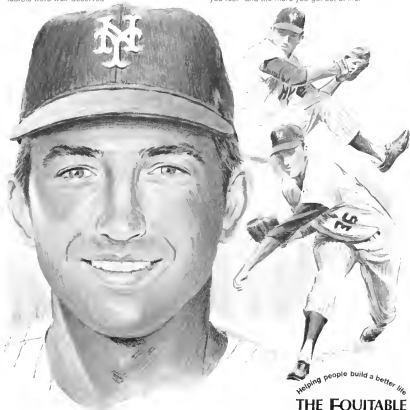
Jerry Koosman started his major league career off with a grandstand crowd pleaser. He pitched the New York Mets to their first winning home opener at Shea Stadium. His fan-pleasing performances continued as Jerry became the first Met pitcher to hurl back-to-back shutouts.

The real clincher came in 1969, when the Mets won the World Series and Jerry was on the mound at the finish of the final game. He was a hero and his laurels were well-deserved.

With just two seasons in the majors, Jerry started off 1970 with an impressive record of 36 games won and he had posted 13 shutouts.

Maybe your son won't become a star like Jerry Koosman. But every youngster—including yours—can be as physically fit as the most talented athlete.

Equitable knows how important good health is and urges you to encourage physical fitness wherever you can. For it's a fact that the fitter you are, the better you feel—and the more you get out of life.



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For an attractive 7 1/2 by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, JERRY KOOSMAN, to Equitable, C.P.O. Box 1828, N.Y., N.Y. 10001

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

COUNTDOWN

Sirs:

I take issue with the fact that you would select Ohio State as your preseason No. 1 pick (College Football 1970, Sept. 14). Of your predicted Top 20, 10 teams play the new 11-game schedule, nine play 10 games and only Ohio State plays nine games. Let's pick our champion from the teams that prove their ability by taking the extra chances. After all, isn't this the era of upsets?

ED BURN

Atlanta

Sirs:

Texas, with an outstanding team, a prestigious record and a No. 1 coach, was picked fourth in your Top 20. Ohio State plays a marshmallow schedule, Ole Miss seems to have a one-man team and Arkansas just has lots of revenge on its mind. Who else could be No. 1 but Texas?

STEVE HANLEY

Carter Lake, Iowa

Sirs:

I was gratified to be set straight on Stanford's position in the national rankings, since most of the other polls failed to point out that there are actually 16 teams better than the Indians. Be assured, however, that Mr. Plunkett & Co. are resolved to improve. Perhaps their 34-28 victory over third-ranked Arkansas will help (*Evening Hub on the Hop*, Sept. 21).

JAMES G. DONART

Stanford, Calif.

Sirs:

What have you got against the University of Southern California? First, you rate the Trojans only sixth. And then it's all well and good to mention those four farmers who haven't missed a Nebraska home game since 1962, but you should have mentioned Giles L. Pellerin of San Marino, Calif., too. Mr. Pellerin hasn't missed a USC game since 1926, at home or on the road.

LARRY SARGAN

Inglewood, Calif.

Sirs:

Congratulations on picking Nebraska fifth. But we don't want to hear a history of the city of Lincoln, we want to hear the whole success story of Nebraska's football team!

RICH TRENSON

Omaha

Sirs:

I do not see how you can buck the President, who honored Wittenberg University, with its outstanding 78-9-1 record, as the

top small-college football team of the '60s. We'll repeat as No. 1 in the '70s.

MALBIE E. CORBIN III

Fairview Park, Ohio

Sirs:

Your statement: "In 1968 they [Grambling College] drew a crowd of 64,000 to Yankee Stadium" is too much? Don't you think that Grambling's worthy opponent, Morgan State College, had something to do with attracting that crowd? Morgan State won that game 9-7.

ERNEST F. SILVERSMITH

Baltimore

WHO'S WHO

Sirs:

Your timely article on Archie Manning was great. . . . *And the Best of Them All Is Archie*, Sept. 14). If ever there was a quarterback who could do it all, Archie is the one.

STEPHEN NAPIER

Ozark, Ala.

Sirs:

With Rex Kern of OSU and Jimmy Jones of USC still around, there is no way in creation that some freckle-faced kid from Mississippi can be the best.

WILLIAM DENSON

Philadelphia

Sirs:

If Dennis Gurnett is not a better quarterback than Jack Mildren, Joe Theismann or Jimmy Jones, then the sun doesn't rise in the East.

JIM ESTABROOKS

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Jim Plunkett of Stanford. He is that good!

LARK OWENS

Denair, Calif.

Sirs:

Why should a quarterback win the Heisman Trophy? Your scouting report stated that Ohio State Cornerback Jack Tatum is "probably the best college player in the land." Shouldn't the winner be the best?

JANE WONDERLY

Helena, Ohio

TRIBUTE

Sirs:

Not only a great football coach but a great American has passed from the sports scene. Vince Lombardi was truly an example of high standards for sports lovers— young and old—but the best recognition you could give him was a few weak para-

graphs (SCORECARD, Sept. 14). Instead, you gave four full pages with full-color pictures to a draft dodger who is about as un-American as anyone can get, and you even praised him.

DAVID L. BLECHER

York, Pa.

Sirs:

You said more in your 295-word obituary on Vince Lombardi than was said in all the thousands of words I have read in other publications.

AL FOELLINGIER

Noonah, Wis.

TRIBUNAL

Sirs:

Somewhere down the road some thoughtful and far-minded soul is going to remember the national magazine that had the guts to give Cassius Clay a fair hearing. I, for one, will forever recall your moving and penetrating farewell to Cassin following his refusal to compromise principles. And I shall be forever grateful to Martin Kane for still another beautiful story (*Welcome Back, Ah!*, Sept. 14).

THE REV. LEWIS P. BOHLER JR.,
Church of the Advent
(Episcopal)

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I was appalled by the Cassius Clay article. The whole theme of the story seemed to be poor persecuted Cassius, persecuted by everything from "unad politicians" to veterans' organizations to racism, which is completely irrelevant to the Clay case. Since Clay has chosen to break the law and discriminate against the country and its people, let him accept his deserved boycott and/or exile!

ROBERT T. JACKSON

Rye, N.Y.

CALL OF THE SEA

Sirs:

My thanks for your excellent coverage of the America's Cup trials. SE's reporting has been outstanding and the photographs stir the fantasies of those of us who have set a genoa. In fact Eric Schweikard's photograph of *Intrepid* on page 14 of the Sept. 7 issue captures the essence of yacht racing better than almost any I have ever seen.

PAUL FRANCIS JACOBS

Pasadena, Calif.

MINOR INTEREST

Sirs:

Your comments in SCORECARD (Aug. 24) concerning the experimental use of the de-

continued



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Scream Bloody Murder.



18TH HOLE *revisited*

Ignited pinch hitter by the Omaha Royals during the 1969 season implied that the DPH may have played a leading role in the Royals' capture of the 1969 American Association championship. I will not attempt to debate the pros and cons of the DPH, since the true value of the innovation has not been definitively established. I am also certain that the fine job done by our designated pinch hitters last season (Steve Boros and the Osborne) definitely did contribute to the Royals' success. I feel, however, that you were a bit premature in selling Omaha short this season. Without the DPH, the Royals did not "languish" in third place but finished on top of their division. They then went on to defeat Denver, the Western Division winner, four games to one to become American Association champions for the second year in a row.

With or without the DPH, the Omaha Royals play winning, exciting baseball, the kind that obviously appeals to the local fans. They surpassed last year's league-leading attendance record.

LOU GORMAN
Director of Scouting and
Minor League Clubs
Kansas City Royals
Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:

Minor league pennant races usually do not merit more than local enthusiasm. But the pennant race this year in the American Association has been amazing to me because of the narrow margins between all eight teams in the two divisions. Every one of the teams won between 67 and 73 games. The margin between the best and the worst teams in the league (650 percentage points) is smaller than the margin (as of Sept. 14) between the first two teams in three of the four major league divisional races.

BOB PRINCIVAL

Des Moines

HOCKEY PREVIEW

Sirs:

Why don't hockey players grow up? We have a friend who likes to demonstrate various hockey fighting techniques. Unfortunately he always demonstrates them on us. Quite often we've been taken by surprise by his sudden attack of fighting skills. It's certainly not enjoyable. Not that it's entirely the players' fault, but they definitely set a bad example for younger people. We're sure that the players' sons aren't proud of their fathers when they scrap on the ice.

TOM CHAMIN
LEON DIAMOND

Oceanside, N.Y.

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